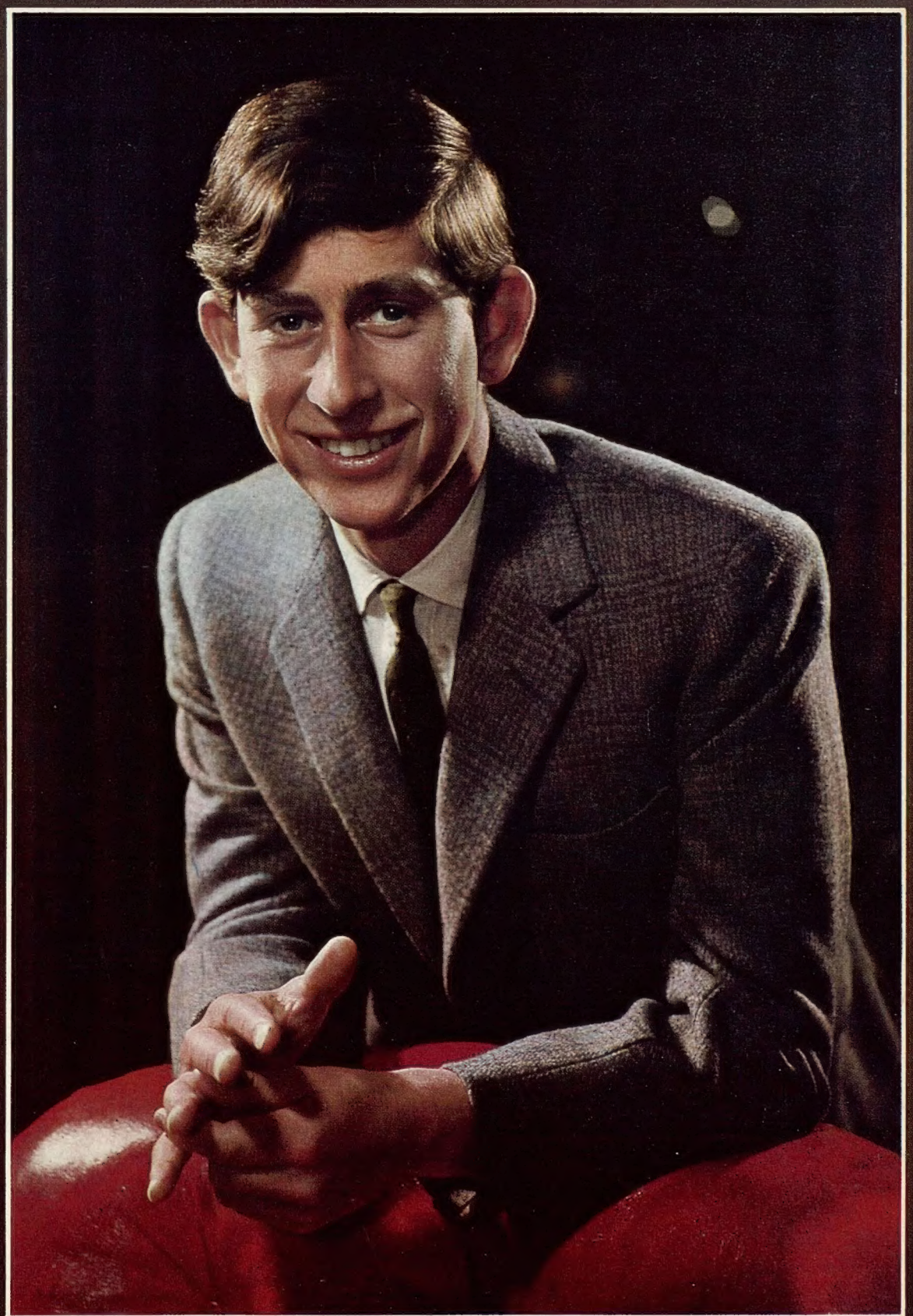
19 NOVEMBER 1966 2s 6d

london life

THE PRINCE GROWS UP —

AND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE JUST 18 IN LONDON



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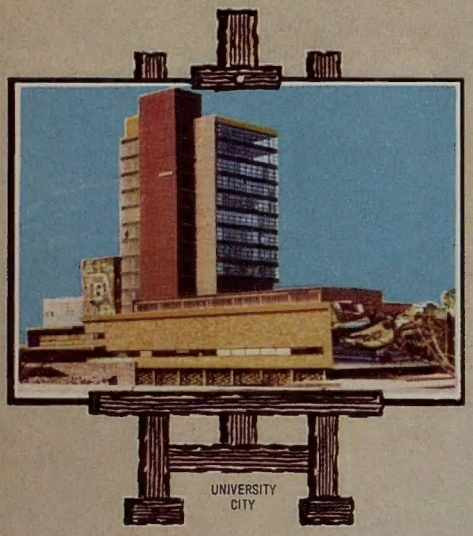
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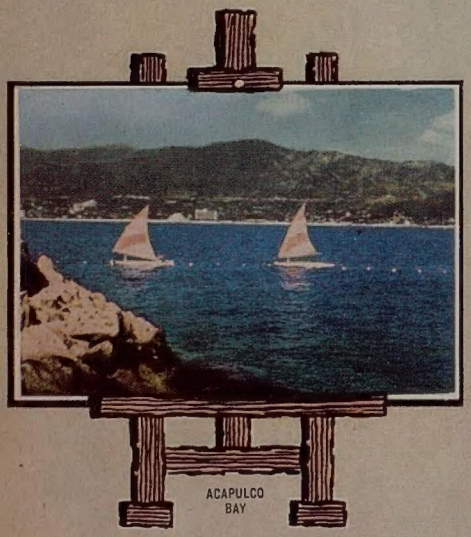
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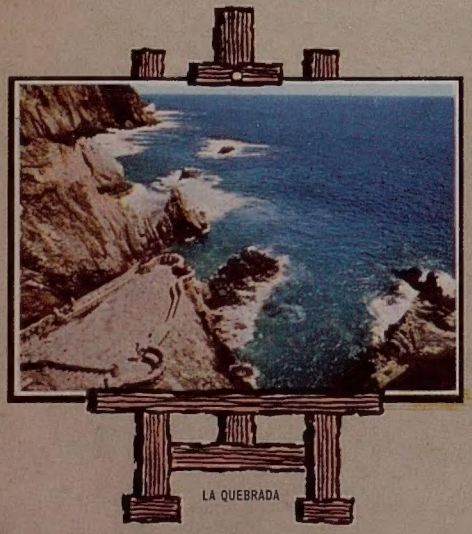
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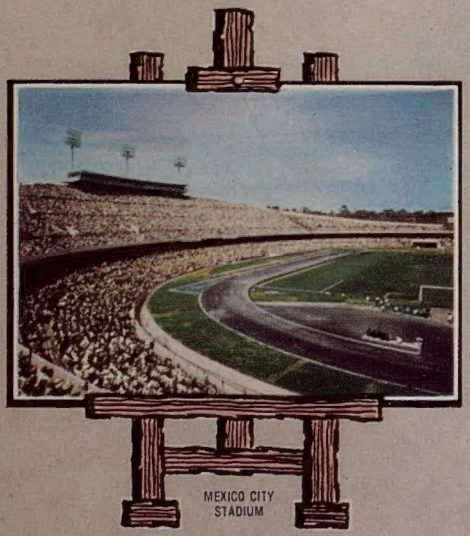
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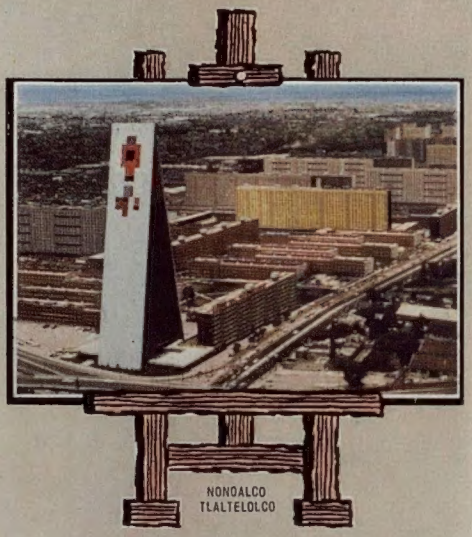
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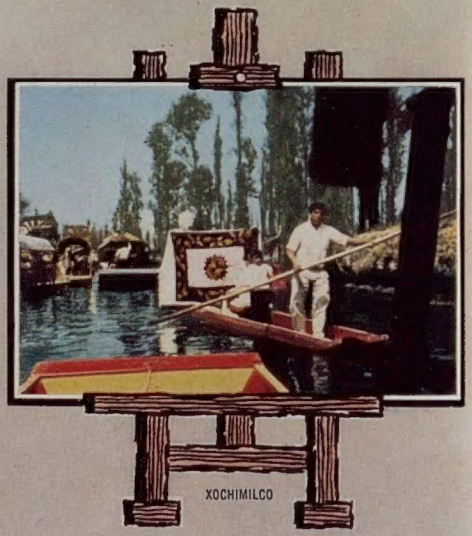
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MEXICO: FOUR SEASONS-FOUR SPRINGS

LONDON LIFE

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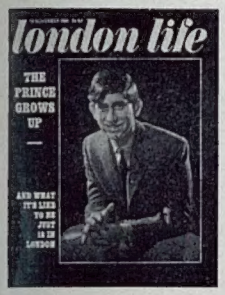
INCORPORATING THE TATLER

Prince Charles, heir to the Throne, is 18 this week. An important day for a prince, an important day for other youngsters, too. This week *London Life* looks at the problems of the prince and the problems of some young Londoners reaching 18 as well. Busiest night of the week is Thursday (17 November). At the Lyceum in the Strand the Miss World Contest starts at 8 pm, while just round the corner David (*Suitable Case . . .*) Mercer's new play *Belcher's Luck* opens at the Aldwych Theatre. Across Waterloo Bridge, those who want to see themselves on television will rush to the London Philharmonic Orchestra's concert, when Georg Solti will conduct music by Stravinsky, Mozart and Brahms. The soloist is Paul Badura-Skoda.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE



Prince Charles (pictured by Godfrey Argent) was 18 on Monday. It is a particularly important anniversary in his life, bringing new status within the Royal context, and opening wide horizons. The situation is defined – *Page 8*

For all the other 18-year-olds (including Susan Daponte above) this year can be significant too. What is it like to be an advanced teenager, boy or girl, in London, 1966? The fun, the work, the opportunities – *Page 21*

What is the human glamour and reality behind the sparkle of London's spectacular floorshows? A visit to one of the most exciting, at the Pigalle theatre-restaurant in Piccadilly, raises the luminous veil – *Page 28*

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Feathered thief

On the same evening, Sadler's Wells revive their delightful bit of Rossini, *The Thieving Magpie*. Those who insist on staying at home quietly may like to know that they can buy Dr "Pepik" Hodin's definitive biography of the artist Kokoschka, published simultaneously in London and New York.

Sunday is a good day for music lovers, with concerts at the Royal Festival Hall (Zagreb Soloists' Ensemble at 3 pm; Kertesz conducting the LSO and David Oistrakh in Brahms' violin concerto at 7.30 – televised again); the Odeon, Swiss Cottage (Wallenstein conducting the LPO), the Victoria and Albert Museum (Quintetto Vocale Handt, 7.30 pm) and the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square (the English String Quartet playing Haydn, Dvorak and Ravel at 6.30 pm).

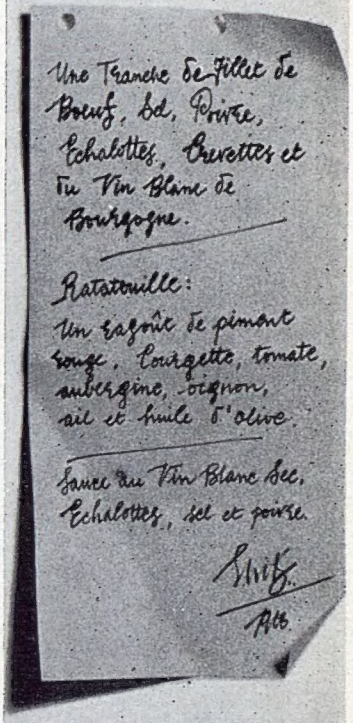
Football specials

On Wednesday (16 November) there's the England-Wales international match at Wembley Stadium, and on Tuesday (22 November) the first of a series of international matches for charity – this one is between Chelsea and Real Madrid, at Stamford Bridge.

On Friday (18 November) the Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip and the President of Pakistan, will open the Engineers' Day exhibition at the Science Museum.

To help you order London Life every week - see page 54

Le Tournedos Sauté aux Crevettes de la Manche


Une Tranche de Filet de Boeuf, bd, Poivre, Echalottes, Crevettes et Du Vin Blanc de Bourgogne.
Ratatouille:
Un ragoût de piment rouge, courgette, tomate, aubergine, oignon, ail et huile d'olive.
Sauce au Vin Blanc Sec, Echalottes, sel et poivre.

Centre cut of fillet steak, sautéed with shallots prawns, ratatouille and white Burgundy

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

THE BARON OF DOMBOVER, known in the jewellery trade as Joseph Gadany, is making three gold medals to mark the 50th anniversary of the coronation of the last King of Hungary, Emperor Charles of Austria.

"I am sending the first medal to the Empress Zita, the Emperor's widow, for Christmas, the second I will send to his son Dr Otto Hapsburg in Munich for his birthday, and the third to the Vatican Museum," says Mr Gadany.

The third goes to the Vatican because the Emperor, who died in 1925, is now undergoing beatification. Mr Gadany's family were Hungarian court jewellers, and he only left the country himself during the 1956 revolution. He now has a shop in Chelsea.

Guests at the Catholic Stage Guild's Celebrity Ball at the Dorchester were delighted with the beautiful white floral arrangements on the tables and in the reception area. The flowers actually remained from a Jewish wedding reception held there that morning.

Lord Denning, Lord Devlin, Lord Shawcross, Judge John Maude and Mr Justice Karminski are preparing for an open-air performance in the Temple next summer – not a strictly legal performance this time. They are all concerned with the nine-year-old Bar Theatrical Society which is planning to put on its first open-air show next summer. Lord Denning is the President of the Society, and the others are vice-presidents.

Patricia Tobin, daughter of Brigadier J Tobin, managing director of Educational and Training Services, has taken advantage

of one of her father's courses to land herself one of the strangest secretarial jobs of the year. She is off in a week or two to Pakistan to be secretary to the Catholic Bishop of Rawalpindi. Patricia, 19, says that the pay is not very high, but it does include a house with servants. "I think it's very exciting," she says, "but it is a bit terrifying being so far away." While Patricia is looking forward to Pakistan, her 20-year-old sister Jennifer has just gone off to the West Indies, crewing aboard the Hon Anthony Cayzer's yacht. The yacht with its crew of eight will be on charter there until next May.

Sir Theodore Fox, the Director of the Family Planning Association, has just returned from New York where he is in demand as an after-dinner speaker. **Nell Dunn,** who wrote *Up The Junction*, has finished her latest book *Poor Cow* and is now writing the screenplay of the film. **Sarah Miles** and **Alan Dobie** head the cast of *The Silence of Lee Harvey Oswald* at the Hampstead Theatre Club from Wednesday 23 November. International baritone **Geraint Evans** sings before the **Queen** at the Fishmongers' Hall on Thursday 8 December at a concert to mark the centenary of the Missions to Seamen in the Port of London. **Princess Grace of Monaco** hopes to attend the première on Thursday 5 January of **Charlie Chaplin's** film *A Countess from Hong Kong*, at the Carlton in the Haymarket. **Laurence Harvey** carries a crate of wine about in the boot of his car in case his friends only offer him spirits. **Francis Russell Flint,** the artist son of famous water-colourist **Sir William Russell Flint,** shows 75 of his paintings at Selfridges. **Bernard Miles** and his wife **Josephine** are holidaying in their Spanish villa. Jeweller **Mr Algernon Asprey** has designed a nail-file with a surface of crushed diamonds on solid gold, set with rubies and diamonds.

Edward Kaplan is exhibiting the work of French impressionist Achille Laugé, who died in 1944, at his gallery in Duke Street for the second time this year. In March he held the first exhibition of Laugé's work in this country, and since then Mr Kaplan has discovered a number of the artist's pastels, which form the present exhibition. In March you could have bought a Laugé for £350, but now that the artist's work is better known the lowest price is £450.

Wing Commander Clive Beaden and his wife Jane are busily supervising building and refitting at their boatyard on the Thames near Maidenhead. Last April he retired from the RAF after 30 years, and bought a boathouse, a small fleet of boats for hire and some flats. They have about 20 boats now and are building more. "We wouldn't like to get too big," says Mrs Beaden, "because we give such personal service." Among their customers this year were the American journalist and inventor of Cinerama, Lowell Thomas, and Mr Christopher Soames.

Dr Wendell Phillips, the American oil millionaire and archaeologist who built his fortune in Oman, has sent out to likely customers 6,000 records of an interview with himself. The reason is to arouse interest in his new book *Unknown Oman*. A friend says that Dr Phillips, who has just passed briefly through London on his way to see the Sultan of Oman, thought that people might like to know a bit about him before they bought the book.

For the first time in Rugby history a ball is to be held at the Headquarters - Twickenham. Lord Wakefield of Kendal, President of the Harlequins, announced last week that the club will hold a ball there as part of its centenary celebrations next May.

Designer Rene Louvat, who has been responsible for the Mirabelle's recent facelift, has managed to alter the place considerably without taking away any of its old peaceful atmosphere. The modern approach is not likely to offend the traditionalists, since it includes French tapestries and gold velvet upholstery to offset innovations of concealed lighting and pastel shades throughout.

A new kind of trophy was presented to the winner of the £100,000 Canadian–American Challenge Cup series of international road races in Las Vegas on Sunday, 13 November. It is a "floatile" – an airship-like metal sculpture which is levitated above its launching pad by opposing pole magnets, and held down by nylon strings. Designed by Venezuelan sculptor Alberto Collie, it is made of magnesium and aluminium, with a magnetic core. Not much chance of drinking champagne out of that one.

Professor W F Grimes, Director of the Institute of Archaeology, who discovered the famous Temple of Mithras in the City in 1954, is hoping to get permission to excavate the site of the Wren church of St Mary Aldermanbury, which is now being rebuilt in Fulton, Missouri, as a memorial to Sir Winston Churchill. The church site has not been disturbed in any way since Wren built the church in 1670.

Isabel Sarli, an ex-Miss Argentine, who is the current film goddess in her own country, is due in London just before Christmas. Her visit is the prelude to the release by the Compton Group o

four of her films. They are expected to come out early in the New Year, but the dates are not definite as yet because of the time being taken to decide the English titles. Thirty-year-old Miss Sarli stalwartly claims that her two hobbies are stamp and postcard collecting.

Benny Green, the jazz critic and erstwhile TV personality, is just finishing his second novel. "I had three novels which I wanted to write by next June," he says. "I finished the first one last June. The second should be finished in December, which leaves me a full six months for the third." The theme of all three is music.

Stephen Findlay-Scullion, manager of the Charge of the Light Brigade, had a 3-cwt replica of a Balaclava cannon "borrowed" from outside the restaurant about eight months ago. Now he thinks he has a clue to its disappearance. "I've had strange messages from people who've come in," he says, "saying 'Ha, ha, ha, we know where your cannon is. How much is it worth?'" All these tips point to a Rugby club, and Mr Findlay-Scullion has been touring around looking for it — so far without success. It is worth about £350.

'I am not one of those high society blokes who looks into his shaving mirror one morning and decides it would suit his image to become a photographer. So he buys all the kit, and there he is, a professional photographer. I had to learn my trade from scratch and I take it very seriously.'

The speaker is 29-year-old Godfrey Argent, once an Eastbourne policeman and now the latest in line of Royal portraitists. This week his pictures of Prince Charles, to mark his 18th birthday, are featured throughout the world's Press. The story of Argent's success is told overleaf . . .

THE MAN WHO TOOK THE PORTRAITS OF THE WEEK

By ROGER ELDRIDGE

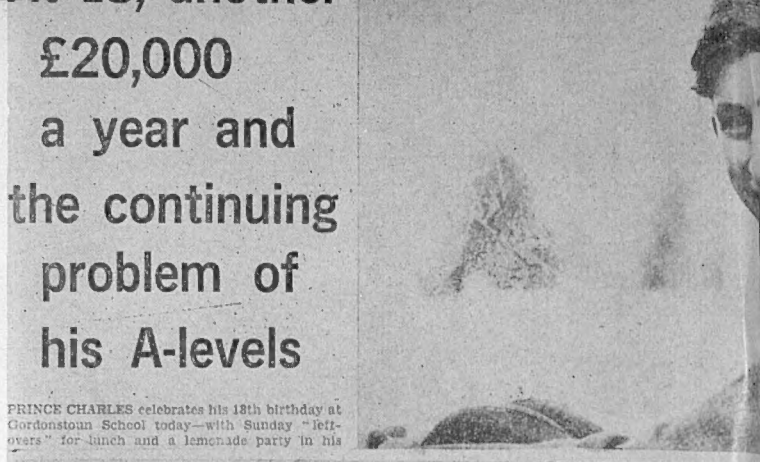
COURT photographers, like Poet Laureates, are the consecrated heads of their profession. The recognition they command is sometimes a trifle artificial, since it is primarily the subject and not necessarily the treatment which earns them this recognition. Godfrey Argent, the latest in line of the Royal photographers, is if anything a little too aware of this. "I treat the Royal Family like any other group of people I have to photograph," he said. "There has to be a harmony between the portraitist and the sitter, whether he be a Prince or somebody from the other end of the scale."

When he said this he was not trying to appear blasé about his present position. On the contrary, he is still awed by the rapidity of his rise to pre-eminence amongst his own kind. Only a few months ago the Queen asked him to photograph Princess Anne on her 16th birthday. Now he has reached the highest honour of all; to him has fallen the task of capturing the face of a future King at one of the most solemn moments in his life – his constitutional coming of age.

Godfrey Argent's portraits of Prince Charles on his 18th birthday are appearing in newspapers and magazines all over the world, and yet he is still nervous at discussing his good fortune. "At my stage in the game, a wrong word or a too liberal tongue could jeopardise my position," he said. "I don't want to become one of the 'no comment' brigade, and yet on the other hand I mustn't go to the other extreme." He is slowly learning that fame must be accompanied by diplomacy, and he seems to be searching for the right balance between reticence and frankness.

In the meantime he worries about the most trivial considerations. He seems concerned in case his undisciplined fair hair should be considered too long, concerned also about wearing the right type of clothes. When I met him, he had just returned from a month in Persia photographing the Shah and his family. His deep tan made him look much younger than his 29 years, and his engaging charm and athletic deportment made him seem just right for the part he is playing.

And yet nothing in his background would suggest that he was destined for such a role.


£20,000
a year and
the continuing
problem of
his A-levels
PRINCE CHARLES celebrates his 18th birthday at Gordonstoun School today—with Sunday "left-overs" for lunch and a lemonade party in his

DAILY SKETCH
18 today—the
NEW STATUS FOR PRINCE, 18 TODAY
DAILY TELEGRAPH REPORTER
PRINCE CHARLES comes of age today, his 18th birthday, for constitutional purposes. This means he could succeed to the throne without a regent, although in other respects he will not come of age until he is 21.
It also means that he displaces his father, Prince Philip, for the purposes of a possible regency. He now becomes the first of the five Counsellors of State who act when the Queen is out of the country.
The others are Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince William of Gloucester and the Queen Mother. Prince Philip is usually with the Queen when she is out of the country.
WELSH CEREMONY
Presentation to people
It is unlikely that Prince Charles will be presented to the people of Wales as their Prince before 1968. The Queen has not yet decided, but the Earl of Snowdon, Constable of Carnarvon Castle, has indicated that he would require one year's notice to make the necessary arrangements.
Prince Charles will have no special celebration today. A Buckingham Palace spokesman said he would be spending a Welsh
Continued on Back Page, Col. 3

Charles at 18: How Fleet Street projected GODFREY ARGENT'S

The history of his rise could be unfairly summarised in the variation of a song title. From a Jack to a Queen. And not surprisingly he is sensitive about this. "I am very reluctant to discuss my background," he admitted. "It's not that I am ashamed of it, but even nowadays certain people might just resent it. But anyway, here goes. I was educated at Bexhill County School for boys – not to be confused with the girls' school next door. I left school at 16 after taking "O" Level, and joined the Eastbourne Police Force as a cadet. It was here that I caught the photography bug. It was part of our basic training to study police methods of photography."

Off the beat

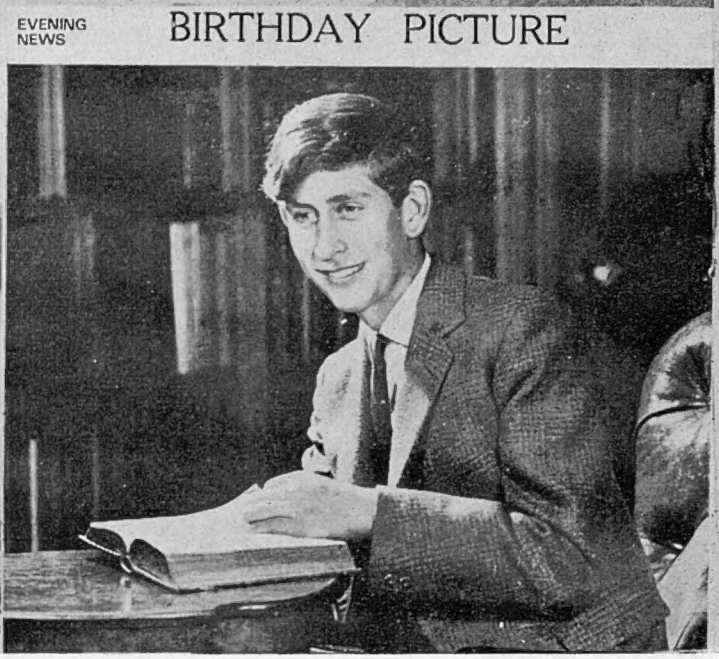
It took him just a year to realise that he was not suited for pounding the beat, and at 17 he joined the Household Cavalry, which took him to Egypt and the Middle East.

"My new-found interest had to be abandoned temporarily of course, but I never forgot it, and eventually I was made an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society. This meant that high ranking officers – Major-Generals and people like that – took an interest in me, and asked me to do portraits of them. It was at this time that I realised I wanted to be a portrait photographer. Perhaps I'm type-casting myself, but that's what I want to be."

Godfrey Argent left the Guards after nine years, by which time he had become a Corporal. "I bought myself a Rolleiflex camera and a couple of lights and set about training myself. I would hate people to imagine that I'm just an amateur made good. I am not one of those high society blokes who looks into his shaving mirror one morning and decides it would suit his image to become a photographer. So he buys all the kit, and there he is, a professional photographer. I had to learn my trade from scratch and I take it very seriously indeed. I like to think I got where I did because of my own talent."

First break

Argent's first break came when he was photographing the Royal Mews for Pitkin Pictorials. There he met Judith Campbell, the authoress, and she asked him to illustrate her book *The Queen Rides*, about the Royal Stables; "This amounted to a biography of the Queen's horses. The job took 15 months, and it involved going to all the Horse Shows. During this time I met all the members of the Royal Family. This was a commission job, you understand. I got my fee and that was that. I heard nothing more until one day the Queen left a message asking me to contact her. That was when I landed the job of taking Princess Anne's 16th birthday pictures."



ming of Age" birthday portraits . . . and what they said about the anniversary

For a moment he looked nthusiastic. "You can imagine ow I felt," he began . . . But hen he became wary, and ontinued, "but I mustn't talk bout that. My feelings must emain personal. You see, asically I am still being comissioned to a job, and it's a rivate matter between myself nd my client . . . it's up to ne not to break the implicit rust between employer and mployee."

He seemed anxious to ualify his statement: "The ast thing I want to do is to ppear big-headed. But it's not o much *who* a person is, as *what* he is. It's faces that interest me, and that means I could suddenly be captivated by a face in a paddy field. Of course I'm proud to have been chosen to photograph Prince Charles."

On Monday the British Press gave the Royal birthday a mixed reception. *The Times* printed the Argent portrait on its Court and Social page, with a story concentrating on his allowance and the possibility of Commons questions. The *Daily Telegraph* (portrait on Court and Social page) dealt with the constitutional aspects of his coming of age. *Daily Express* readers were greeted with the smiling portrait and a two-paragraph caption on a main news page inside the paper. The *Daily Mail* carried a single-column picture and a caption predicting "a quiet day" for the Prince.

On page three of the *Sun*, their court correspondent Margaret Jones wrote a long story on Charles's extra £20,000 a year "and the continuing problem of his A-levels." With Argent portrait. The smiling face of the Prince occupied more than a third of the *Daily Sketch*'s front page, and pointed-up a series on "The Space Age Prince," which began on the centre pages.

The *Daily Mirror*'s "Inside Page" was almost half-filled by the Argent picture, and the caption was devoted mainly to the photographer. *Morning Star* readers were told of the Prince's rise in income, and a sour story on how the Prince, "like others in the capitalist class" is unaffected by the freeze.

Knife-edge

Godfrey Argent is poised at that delicate moment in any career when one has been given a very important break and one is not sure if it can be followed through. Since *The Queen Rides*, he has been on two more missions with Judith Campbell, one to Jordan to photograph King Hussein and his entourage, and more recently his trip to Iran.

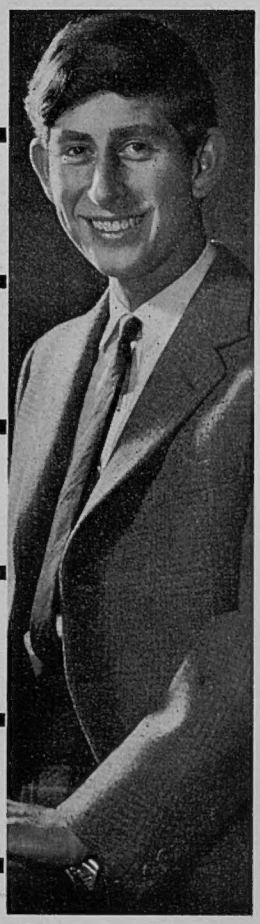
As for the British Royal Family, he is uncertain about his prospects. There is little likelihood of achieving any degree of social intimacy in the manner of his forbear the Earl of Snowdon. He is married with three daughters, and besides, as he says, "My involvement with the Royal Family is professional not personal."

NOW WATCH FOR THE WORK OF GODFREY ARGENT

who will, over the next few months photograph several of Prince Charles's young contemporaries — the boys and girls who represent all that's best of the rising generation

IN *london life*

How the Prince of Wales grew up...



Prince Charles celebrated his 18th birthday on Monday. It is a momentous date in the life of the boy who will one day be King – a date that marks a tremendous change in his Royal status. What do we know about Charles Philip Arthur George, schoolboy and future Ruler? How will he be trained for the great tasks ahead? MICHAEL VESTEY reports.

present Duke of Windsor, studied.

In the midst of this Royal Game, the fascinating question is: What does Prince Charles himself feel about it all? One day he will probably be seen on television explaining it at great length, such is the changing image of Royalty; but in the meantime, the facts available, however scant, indicate that Charles Philip Arthur George relishes the prospect of becoming King.

"It has virtually been drummed into him since he was a small boy," a spokesman commented. "At Gordonstoun he found himself thinking about it more and more, finally concluding that it was a job he wanted to rise to. I think he will; he is deeply conscious of what is expected of him, and he desperately wants to be a good King. Despite a few schoolboy pranks, when he becomes more responsible he will never put a foot wrong."

Only once in his life has Charles wished briefly that he had never been born Heir-Apparent. Three years ago, when he was 15, Charles, his private detective, a master at Gordonstoun and two fellow pupils visited a cinema five miles from the school at Elgin.

On leaving the cinema, Charles was dismayed to find popping flashbulbs and rows of curious faces outside. Members of this party noticed the acute disappointment on his face. Exasperated, he turned to a fellow pupil and muttered: "They never leave me alone. This cannot be worth it."

The strain

Charles is a quick-tempered boy, and, as such, not everything he says in the heat of the moment can be regarded as characteristic. In a quieter, less tense moment, Prince Charles knows it is worth it; but the strain of maintaining a public persona when he should be a relaxed, boisterous schoolboy, has its telling moments, especially when every move made is recorded.

Predictably, Charles is not enthusiastic about the Press. "They are a necessary evil," he said begrudgingly to a friend once. His father, with typical candour, has described the *Daily Express* as a "bloody awful newspaper."

Charles has been seen pulling faces at photographers, and once tipped a raft of photographers into the sea during his Greek holiday. He also – accidentally, it was stressed – doused their feet with a hosepipe during his two-term stay at Geelong, in Australia.

Which all leads us inevitably to his sense of humour. Charles will never be described as dull; he possesses his father's garrulity and can talk vividly on trivial matters, as he will be called upon to do eventually. I have heard Prince Philip chatting to at least 500 people at a Buckingham Palace garden party; each conversation is short and peppy and calls for instant wit.

Somewhat shy

"Charles, even at the age of 14, was beginning to acquire this ability," I was told. "I would say then he preferred the company of older people, and he was extremely adult himself. He was somewhat shy among young people: which is not surprising, really, when you consider the elders that surrounded him for most of his life.

"Now, of course, Gordonstoun has bridged the gap between him and his own age group. It has opened him up and he likes his schoolfriends, or rather those of them who genuinely enjoy his company."

His humour takes the style of pranks rather more than subtle wit. He is not above the usual schoolboy jokes, and laughs loudly with his schoolmates. He has developed the trait of nicknames and mimicking; and (rather like his aunt, Princess Margaret) mimics splendidly. Many times he has been heard to parody masters at Gordonstoun, especially Mr Chew, his headmaster.

When Charles laughs, most people know about it. When his voice was breaking at the age of 14, it was a shrill, high-pitched laugh; of late it has become raucous and genuine. Prince Philip tends to laugh instinctively, his son has to be amused first.

The future King has a dual

Once, for instance, he went voting for the Home Rulers

speaking manner. He has his mother's tone, but not her vocal perfection and affectation; it is probably more like Prince Philip, with the attendant chumminess. He speaks clearly and easily, and, with increasing confidence, more loudly, too.

Politically, it is difficult to say which way Charles is inclined. Of course, Royalty cannot express favour in any party; their impartiality is fixed. However, what they think privately is their business, and Charles is known to regard the three major parties as "not enthusiastically." Obviously, one can assume that Gordonstoun alumni are usually Tory. But in a mock General Election at school two years ago, Charles sported the tartan emblem of the Scottish Nationalist Party, which finished second to the Tories, pushing Labour to the bottom of the poll.

Mock election

Of course, he could have voted that way to avoid the embarrassment of openly supporting a major political party, something his parents cannot do. Those who know him, however, appreciate that his interest in politics is limited. After all, he can never indulge; his opinion will never be publicly sought and used; his official political life will be simply signing forms and consenting to Acts of Parliament, whatever he feels about them.

At the time, Chew commented: "I decided it would be a good exercise for the boys. We started off with a lot of candidates who each paid £1 – it went to charity – including a Welsh Nationalist and an Irish Nationalist. These two got little support and couldn't raise the deposit. So they joined up with the Scottish Nationalists. We also had a Communist, but he got nowhere."

He added: "We had parades through the grounds with banners and loudspeakers, fellows hanging out of upper windows extolling the virtues of their party through megaphones, and finally there was an eve-of-poll rally at which all the candidates spoke."

The final figures were: Tories 140, Scot Nat 129, Lib 50, Irish Ind 17, Lab 16. Tory majority 11.

Amid all this Charles joined in vociferously. He, and fellow Scottish Nationalists, rushed through the school shouting "Scotland for home rule."

Soon after this, in November 1964, Prince Charles lost an essay book. It was taken from his desk by a fellow-pupil who sold it to a friend. It was then sold to a Lancashire Press agency, who took photocopies before auctioning the book to the German magazine *Der Stern*. Although the book was recovered by Scotland Yard, it was too late to prevent publication. If genuine, the essays make interesting reading. Their themes deal with democracy, the Press and public opinion.

In the first, when the writer has to choose in 10 minutes what articles he would take before being cast away on a desert island, Charles decided on a tent, a knife, a portable radio (both for news and for hope of rescue), and lots of rope and string.

On democracy, Charles appeared to be worried that voters today tend to go for a particular party, and not an individual candidate. "An unattractive Conservative candidate may get a vote because the elector is opposed to nationalisation of steel or abolishing the public schools," he wrote.

On the Press, he claimed that although it is found guilty of being on occasions troublesome and inconsiderate, it is justified as a useful means of expressing public criticism of Government abuses.

Initially, Prince Charles disliked his father's old school. The Spartan, character-building establishment in Morayshire is kinder to robust, calisthenics-minded boys than to the academics. Prince

Then he set up a pop group with his sister, Princess Anne

Charles is not an academic, but when he arrived there from Cheam, he was quiet, shy and introspective, finding it difficult to make friends.

After a while, he grew accustomed to the two cold showers a day and the run round the garden before breakfast. And while he accepted the rigours, his schoolmates were slightly afraid of making friends for fear of being accused of "sucking-up" to the future King. Those boys who did make the effort risked the usual jeering. His two closest friends are his cousin, Prince Welf, the son of Prince Philip's younger sister, Princess Sophie, and Philip Bagginall. Both boys belong to Windmill Lodge, Charles's schoolhouse, about half a mile from the main granite building.

Security watch

At Gordonstoun (fees £519 a year) few boys or masters endeavour to curry favour with the distinguished pupil. However, it happened at Cheam. One master, it was found, showed interest in Charles and talked to him more than other pupils. "We had to be careful and for a time the situation was watched," a security official told me.

"Of course, the master might have been genuine, but it seemed he was going out of his way to talk just to Prince Charles. He was displaying undue interest."

Outside school, Prince Charles's friends are mostly young people he has known from childhood. They include Lord Richard Wellesley, 18-year-old grandson of the Duke of Wellington; the Hon. Norton Knatchbull, 18-year-old son of Lord Brabourne, who was at school with Charles; and John Gerard Leigh, 18, whose father is Colonel Gerard Leigh. The Duke of Edinburgh is Norton Knatchbull's god-father, and Lady Brabourne is one of Prince Charles's god-mothers.

At Prince Charles's fifth birthday party, these three were among the guests. Others in his Royal circle are the Duke of Gloucester's two sons, Prince Richard and Prince Michael, and Lord Lascelles. Over the years they have met at private social functions. Although this group is normal by Royal standards, it is small for the age in which we live.

Some of today's Royals have many friends from all walks of life. With Charles the social gamut is expected to widen as he grows older. Old schoolfriends, for example, will be around him, no doubt, in the future. And he has a first-class opportunity of meeting new, dependable people at university.

Gordonstoun headmaster Mr Chew rarely uses the cane. However, punishments are common. The main punitive measure is the Penalty Drill, an accumulative punishment. They can last five minutes from one master for a misdemeanour, 15, 20 or more for another. At the end of the week it could be up to three or four hours. The miscreants assemble in shorts and sweaters at a gravel path surrounding a large oblong lawn. A master holds a list of offenders and their punishments, and orders the boys to walk and run alternatively. If a boy is caught talking, he is called out and given an added period to his penalty.

Prince Charles, as far as is known, has never received this punishment. He was severely admonished verbally by Mr Chew over the cherry brandy incident at an hotel in Stornoway. This was in June 1963, when Charles, several schoolmates, a master and his private detective arrived for a meal.

While they sat in a side-room waiting for the dining-room to be prepared, Prince Charles slipped away and entered the bar. He sat on a high stool and ordered a cherry brandy, a drink he enjoys and had tasted many times. Not

Continued on page 10

He dances well, has an eye for the prettiest girls in town...

continued from page 9

only are Gordonstoun boys forbidden liquor, but as a 15-year-old he should not have been served.

Charles was not to know about the law pertaining to under-18s; after all, as I was told: "His family don't exactly go pubbing."

After a few sips and a cheerful conversation with the barmaid and a man sitting at the bar, his detective entered the room, looking livid. He said angrily to Charles: "What are you doing here?" Putting down his glass, Charles slowly climbed off the stool, looked at the barmaid with a mixture of apology and resignation, and followed his detective out of the room.

The confession

Outside in the corridor, much to the horror of his detective, Constable Donald Green, Charles told him what had happened. "I ordered a cherry brandy – it was the only thing I knew to ask for." The incident would have gone unrecorded had there not been two journalists drinking nearby. It was a coincidence they were there – one was on holiday, the other representing the local newspaper.

The story reached London and made the headlines. And despite a muddled denial from Buckingham Palace, which was later reversed, most newspapers carried the description. And because of the infringement of licensing laws, proceedings against the hotel were instituted, although later they were dropped.

Mr Chew spoke strongly to Charles and announced: "I have dealt with the matter and as far as I and the school are concerned, the incident is closed."

Soon after, Charles was awarded a silver medal in that year's exhibition of projects arranged by Gordonstoun. The medal was for pottery items – four hedgehogs – and he had submitted a further 14 items, the second largest collection of work in the pottery section.

"His pottery is excellent," a friend told me. "He has spent many hours making all sorts of items. But he is happiest with his gun and fishing-rod. At first he did not like Gordonstoun at all and, quite frankly, couldn't wait for the holidays. He loves Balmoral and looks forward to joining his family there every year. His favourite recreation is undoubtedly fishing."

As for sports, Charles likes hockey, loathes cricket. "And yet in all sports he tries and tries. He has since broken his nose playing Rugby, which displeased him no end. He dislikes these kind of sports. He has to put on a show to set an example. Charles feels that to shrink would be wrong. He is never lazy. He did skipper the soccer eleven at Cheam."

Charles's attitude is that if anybody is going to behave, he should.

Academically, Charles is good at English, history, French, Latin and geography. His weakest subject is mathematics; consequently, physics suffers – although, thanks to cramming, his five O-levels included maths. This is above the Gordonstoun average, because of its leaning towards physical recreation, and his cousin, Crown Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, managed only two O-levels.

Among his other recreations, Charles enjoys the arts and music. He sings lustily in his school choir, and plays the trumpet well. At Windsor Castle he and Princess Anne formed their own beat group with £600-worth of equipment. Charles has an electric guitar, Anne a £400 electric organ. While at Geelong, Charles also joined the school orchestra, and played both popular music and classical.

The Australian school appealed more to Charles than Gordonstoun, mainly because the climate and environment were different and it was new. He gradually warmed to the extraordinary normality in

And now he steps out into manhood as landlord of 140,000 acres

the way boys and masters alike treated him. He laughed when he heard people refer to him as "Charlie Boy."

When he left Geelong this year after two terms, a first-hand account of his stay there was published in the *Gordonstoun Record*, entitled "Timbertop: Or Beating Around the Bush." He signed himself Charles, VIa.

He wrote: "There is a lot of wood-chopping done here, but I'm afraid it's very essential as the boys' boilers have to be stoked with logs and the kitchen uses a huge number. The first week I was here I was made to go out and chop up logs on a hillside in boiling hot weather. I could hardly see my hands for blisters after that."

Charles, describing chores allocated to him after class, recalls picking up litter, feeding the pigs, and cleaning out fly traps, "which are revolting glass bowls seething with flies and very ancient meat." Part of his school life at Geelong meant compulsory weekend expeditions into the bush, the countryside of which he found "monotonous."

He added: "You have to be very careful where you put your tent as a certain kind of gum tree sheds its branches without warning. Apart from that, you virtually have to inspect every inch of the ground in case there are any ants or other ghastly creatures. There is one species of ant called bull ants, which are three-quarters of an inch long or more, and they bite like mad."

He goes on to say: "School work obviously cannot be taken quite as seriously as in an ordinary school."

Now Charles is back in the familiar routine of Gordonstoun. He will not leave school until after his A-level exams next July.

Where are the sort of places he will visit in London with his friends? He is likely to be seen at the Old Vic, where he has seen Shakespearian plays before. Like the rest of his family, he enjoys the theatre, although his choice in plays is usually comedies. Two actors he finds most amusing are Jimmy Edwards and James Robertson Justice, both of whom know the Prince and his father.

Charles has been to private dances held both in London and in the country. Each time, an approved dancing partner has been chosen for him. His dancing is excellent, and he has been well tutored in all, including the Highland Fling.

"He has an eye for a pretty girl, too," a friend said. "Several times he has pointed them out in Scotland while away from school. He is not terribly keen on the idea of girl friends being chosen for him, but is prepared to accept it. Probably he may protest at some stage in his career about the process of selection."

Cornish riches

On the matter of private wealth, Prince Charles is secure. His money comes from the Duchy of Cornwall, which was instituted by Edward III in 1337 to support his son, the Black Prince. Since then it has been the traditional practice for its income to go to the Heir to the Throne, who also inherits the title of the Duke of Cornwall. Charles is the landlord of 140,000 acres, which brings in over £90,000 a year. Included in these properties are the Scilly Isles and some superb farmland on the Cornish mainland.

Less important are the 80,000 acres on Dartmoor. In this Charles is the landlord of Dartmoor Prison, which is leased to the Prison Commissioners. Other properties include oyster beds on the Helford river, some obsolete worked-out tin mines, granite quarries in Devon and a Gloucestershire preparatory school.

Now Prince Charles is looking to the day he will perform his first Royal function. The first step in that direction – his 18th birthday – is over.

A mighty friendly hug for Dudley Moore

Dudley Moore, strongly fancied as the impending bridegroom of Suzy Kendall (see David Wynne-Morgan's column on page 20), received a mighty friendly hug from Alys Hastings at the Villa dei Cesari. The occasion was the 21st birthday party given by Lady Caroline Townshend and Lady Joanna Bradford for their brother, Lord Raynham. In the foreground – Chris Cunnings and Amanda Knott. **Picture by JOHN BENTON HARRIS**

GROOVY . . . but it's a different kind of action for Graham Hill inside Samantha's disco-E-type! Looking on . . . Gundy Scheveda. **Below:** Sgula Gohar, Miss Israel, relaxing before the Miss World contest.

GROOVY . . . as Steve Wyatt and Penny Merry are caught in the psychedelic atmosphere of distorting mirrors and flashing lights, to get that "otherworldly" feeling unique to Samantha's.

THE GROOVY KIND OF ACTION AT SAMANTHA'S.

GROOVY . . it's all h-a-p-p-e-n-i-n-g with a twist for David Woods and Geraldine Hynes.

GROOVY . . . although those distorting mirrors put a long face on this duo.

BY any standards, it's the wackiest, most way-out, grooviest palace of night-life to hit old London in a long, long time. It's called Samantha's, and the very name conjures up memories of the sweetly precocious child Bing Crosby sang to in *High Society*. But this addition to club-owner Louis Brown's empire is a wow-pow conglomeration of psychedelic effects and frenzied beat. It will make the top of the charts in anybody's rating of London's discothèques. When you go in, and start the descent to the unknown pleasures awaiting you, whirling lights dazzle and blind, crashing *Goldfinger* music deafens . . . you've begun a night out to remember. Mr Brown and artist Charles de Temple have planned with cheerfully devilish skill. Distorting mirrors, flashing lights, Samantha the girl-machine who answers your questions and activates old movies as you sit on swings and drink in the Interpol Fondue Bar. On the opening night, personalities crammed the M16 room . . . Samantha-types like Diana (*Avenger*-girl) Rigg, the Ryan Twins, Sandra Paul, Mike Sarne, The Four Tops, (whose current hit was continually played) and June Thorburn.

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PRICES

THE acrimony over Christmas liquor supplies is the result of long-term grievance by publicans tied to brewery chains. That it should flare up with the approach of the Christmas buying rush was inevitable. This is the situation: for some time, certain independent off-licences and supermarkets have been able to sell wines and spirits at greatly reduced prices, because they get the benefit of quantity discounts. They can sell spirits at lower prices than the tied publican operating an off-licence, and still make more money.

For some time, the London Central Board of Licensed Victuallers has suggested to the brewers that, in order to enable tied tenants to meet off-sales competition on level terms, they should allow discounts to their tenants. The Board became increasingly concerned about this with the approach of Christmas. Brewery off-licence chains had adopted a policy of making certain price cuts, mainly on house brands (as opposed to brands within the orbit of DCL – the Distillers Company Limited).

Then, over two weeks ago, one big group announced price cuts of 3s 5d a bottle on certain DCL brands of whisky, and Booth's and Gordon's gin. Another brewery group with its own off-licence subsidiaries followed suit. At the same time, negotiations were going on between the Central Board and the breweries about increasing quantity discounts.

Inside-the-trade argument increased, and culminated in last week's demand that all brewers should allow their tenants quantity discount – to enable the tenants to compete with their own brewers' managed off-licence shops. In the course of the controversy, it was pointed out that one group, Watney Mann, had allowed its tenants discount on certain DCL brands since last June. General feeling now, on the part of publicans, is that these should be extended to all DCL brands, and the discount increased.

If the brewers do not agree with the Central Board's request, the Board will meet to reconsider its position. There is no likelihood, however, that Board members might refuse to handle the breweries' own brands of spirits, as a protest. This is illegal under the Restrictive Trade Practices Act. But a deputation to Parliament is feasible, though unlikely to produce a solution satisfactory to the publicans.

Current position is: a tied tenant can make 5s 8d profit on a bottle of whisky, costing 51s 11d. Off-licence men buying on the open market will make 8s 8d to 9s 8d per bottle.

The solution to potential Christmas chaos in the trade lay with the brewers as the week ended. And the disgruntled publicans were awaiting – with some anxiety – the outcome of their deliberations.

DISCS

KING Records, a small company which was formed only three years ago, has just beaten all the great disc monopolies by producing a record in only three days. On average, it takes a large record company 18 days to put a disc on general sale from the time it receives the preliminary tape. The song in question is *Snow Flake*, by Larry Cunningham, who regularly tops the charts in Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. (His *Tribute to Jim Reeves* achieved a measure of success in this country.)

The achievement seems all the more considerable when one considers the complexity of the proceedure involved. Once the tape has been accepted, it is recorded on a plastic master disc, 10 inches in diameter. The master is coated in silver lacquer, then dipped in a bath of chemicals. After the immersion, a skin forms over the disc, and from this skin, the metal "mother" is created.

The mother, like the master before, is coated with a special skin. The second skin transfers the sound to the

"stamper," which then cuts the records for sale. Then there are the labels to consider, and the problem of distribution.

The large recording companies have all the necessary staff and equipment at their disposal, but in the case of a small, privately owned firm, the various stages in the production have to be carried out in different parts of the country. Mrs Rita King, who owns King Records with her husband, Ben, had to commute day and night between her studio in Clapton Common and the EMI presses in Belfast. Her energy paid off: she received the tape on a Monday morning and the finished record was on sale in the shops on the following Thursday afternoon. "I formally challenge any company, large or small, to say they have beaten that," she said.

This new standard in record production is the culmination of a lifetime of endeavour. Mr and Mrs King began with a stall in Petticoat Lane. They had a couple of boxes of records, and by 1953 had saved enough money to buy a small record shop in Stamford Hill. Ten years later, they were able to start their own recording company. For the past three years they have been slowly acquiring the rights to a number of specialist labels from America and Canada. Among these is the Seeco label, which features Latin-American music, and Panda, which records among other things, a selection of Batman stories.

The Kings' next ambition is to have a Number One hit in this country. "That way," said Mrs King, "our victory over the monopolies will be complete."

THEATRE

WE have not, it appears, heard the last of Bill Gaskill's now notorious production of *Macbeth* at the Royal Court Theatre. Canadian producer Peter Snell is going ahead with plans to film the play early in the New Year. The idea of filming *Macbeth* came when he learned of the casting: "I thought that with Guinness and Signoret something must be there," he said. But after the first-night notices came the subsequent rows; his American backers got cold feet and the project was temporarily abandoned.

Now, however, the plan has been resumed. *London Life* understands that the film will be made with completely fresh costumes and sets – presumably something more traditional than the sandpaper box and assorted woollies in which it is now being played. Simone Signoret, whose Lady Macbeth came under heavy fire, is, we learned, giving a much more potent performance than she did on that nerve-ridden first night.

Snell, who is 26, is currently filming Frank Dunlop's Pop Theatre production of *The Winter's Tale* with its original cast, including Laurence Harvey and Jane Asher, at the newly opened Intertel Studios at Wembley. This film is being made in colour with American TV and British cinema audiences in mind.

MEDICINE

SEVEN thousand people die each year of kidney failure. Of these, doctors could save at least 1,500 – if they had the money. Artificial kidney machines work; but the cost is about £3,000 each, and the Health Service cannot afford many of them. So two London businessmen have started the National Kidney Centre as a charitable trust to supply patients with machines for their homes.

If you have enough money there is no problem. You can pay out the £3,000 for an artificial kidney machine, and then another £1,000 or £1,500 a year for drugs and private medical treatment. You can live, as long as you are basically fit otherwise and there are no complications to your kidney failure.

But if you do not happen to have that sort of money, the probability is that you will die because the National Health Service does not have it either.

The renal unit at the Royal Free Hospital has considered 120 people for chronic dialysis (treatment on a kidney machine) during the last three years. Because of shortage of funds and equipment only 21 could be accepted. They are all alive today. Of the remaining 99, all but one are dead.

The National Kidney Centre, a private trust inspired by Murray Medway, last year's Mayor of Finchley, and largely financed by Denis Ollman, a furniture manufacturer who gave the trust £100,000, has been created to reduce this tragic toll.

The Centre came into being just over a fortnight ago, and is based on a converted bungalow in Finchley, where patients will be trained in the use of their kidney machines so that they can operate them in the home.

Each machine will be brought over from America at a cost of £3,500, and it will cost the Centre £750 a year, or possibly even less, to keep one in the patient's home. If a patient uses a hospital machine, the National Health Service has to bear a cost of about £1,500 a year.

"But," says Mr Ollman, "we must eventually put the responsibility back where it belongs – with the National Health Service."

TELEVISION

THE discord between Postmaster-General Mr Edward Short and the radio and television dealers is understandable . . . from both sides. The Post Office wants help in overcoming the mass evasion of payment for licences. The dealers do not wish to be known as "Government narks or snoopers."

This is the problem: between one and two million people are evading payment. On a conservative estimate, this means a loss in revenue to the BBC of between nine and 10 million pounds annually.

The Corporation has agreed that they can manage, for the time being, on what money they are getting, without increasing licence fees, provided some urgent steps are taken to curb the defaulters. This is one factor which has inspired Mr Short to seek the trade's co-operation in detecting licence dodgers.

There are various ways of doing this, including legislation, forcing dealers to forward names and addresses of people buying radio and TV sets. This the trade is reluctant to do, on the grounds that their function is to sell sets, not snoop on behalf of the Government or the BBC. They feel their arms are being twisted. And many dealers who are members of the Radio and Television Retailers' Association feel slightly huffed that, after constant requests from the Post Office that this move be kept confidential, Mr Short should make it public, without warning to the trade, at the Relay Services Association luncheon in the Dorchester last week.

But this could be construed merely as slightly bruised pride. Granted, the trade claims it is having a bad time at the moment, because of the Government's squeeze. This will carry little weight, presumably, with the Post Office, or the BBC. They can counterclaim with the facts and figures of licence-fee evasion.

At present, licence revenue is collected by the head postmasters in each area. Postcard reminders and politely worded letters are sent to people whose licence money is due. Personal calls from officials – "visits of persuasion," the Post Office calls them – follow. But they try to do it amicably. If the money is not forthcoming, evidence is collected for prosecution. And there are about 25,000 successful prosections a year.

Nine detector vans are also on call for duty throughout the country, and Mr Short proposes to double this fleet. It has been highly successful, and has added deterrent advantages. Whether or not the trade will co-operate should emerge soon, despite their current attitude. For Mr Short has an ace-in-the-hole: legislation to force them.

ARRIVAL PLATFORM

By SHEILA FITZJONES

Too old to be a star – at 26?

French actress Sophie Hardy is refreshingly modest about her career. She is in London discussing plans for starring in a new British film, and doing some last-minute work on a film called *The Trygon Factor*, in which she stars with Susan Hampshire and Stewart Granger. "But you see, I'm 26 already," she said. "I feel that perhaps I'm getting too old. Today everyone should be 18!" Sophie started to make films just four years ago – starring in productions in France, Germany and Yugoslavia. Then last year everyone thought her brief, bright career was over when she had a car crash while on location in Spain.

"I had all my hair shaved off and wasn't even allowed to wear a wig. It was so terrible, but though it sounds trite to say it now, I think the experience has helped to make me a more sympathetic person."

Filming the life of Tchaikovsky

Dmitri Tiomkin has undoubtedly had more screen credits for writing film music than any other composer – *High Noon* and *The Alamo* are just two of the 130 or so films that he has worked on to date. He is also one of the most talkative of Hollywood men, one of the most humorous and one of the most difficult to understand, for his English still sounds a bit like his native Russian. I met him at the Savoy, where he is staying before going on to Russia for discussion on a film based on the life of Tchaikovsky. The picture will be the first big co-operative venture between the USA and the USSR.

"The young Russians know what they are doing when they make pictures," he assured me. "By the way, I am not this time writing the theme music for the film . . . I leave that to Tchaikovsky himself! I am producing the film."

Spreading a little happiness

Twenty-two-year-old Joan Carter – Miss South Africa – is here to compete in the annual Miss World competition on 17 November. She has a B Sc in zoology and biology and works in Johannesburg as a research scientist. I met her at the Waldorf, where all the girls are staying.

"It's a tremendous honour representing my country," she told me, "and such a thrill to meet people from so many different walks of life. I find London wonderful – I haven't had much time to go out, but we've been taken on a shop-window tour round the West End, been on a Tube, and we're going round the House of Commons."

I asked her what she would do if she won. She said that it wasn't the money that attracted her: "It's a marvellous opportunity for spreading a little happiness. I would like to devote a great deal of my time to doing charity work."

Londoners are so calm . . .

Beni Montresor, 40-year-old Italian-born designer who for the past four years has been thrilling New Yorkers with his lavish operatic set designs, has arrived to start work on the costumes and sets for Covent Garden's new production of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, which opens on 15 December. He said: "The Rome I am going to create is going to be more Roman than ever the real city was. Everything will be warm, rich, opulent . . . all the colours will be varying shades of orange, yellow, gold and amber . . ." His recent *Magic Flute* made even the hardened New York critics go wild with praise.

"I like working in London," he added. "You are so calm and organised compared with New Yorkers, who are so frantic and temperamental – more like us Italians. But one day soon I want to leave the theatre for a bit and direct my own film."

THE GUARDS WILL BE AT HOME – ON TELEVISION

"Mummy, mummy, he blinked, I know he did," said the little girl as her mother towed her past the unflinching Guard outside Buckingham Palace. This childish remark, laughable as it may seem, summarises the picture which most people have of the colourful, anonymous figure known vaguely as the Guard. Beyond the precise, symmetrical pageantry of the Trooping the Colour ceremony, very little is known about the intensive training and active service of the most prestigious military body in Britain. Now, for the first time, the Queen's Household Brigade has allowed a party of intruders to film the most intimate recesses of its almost claustral existence. The film, *All the Queen's Men*, will be shown on ITV on Wednesday, 23 November at 9.45 pm.

Kevin Billington, the director, says: "By letting me film them as I personally saw them, they took a calculated risk. Frankly, I think they're very worried about what they're going to see."

All the Queen's Men is divided into two halves. The first is unashamedly hilarious. It traces the evolution of the Guard from the pasty-faced recruit to the proud, fully fledged soldier. It follows him through his training – parachuting, spearing stuffed dummies in bayonet practice, polishing his kit – and throughout there is a constant background of raucous parade-ground screams, yelps and yowls.

In the second half of the film, the atmosphere changes completely. Guards Battalions are shown in action in the jungles of Borneo, and in the "offensive defensive" war in Aden. The various contacts with danger show the true calibre of the Guards. However critical one may be of the Guards, the final scenes demonstrate forcefully the intense and nostalgic involvement of these men with their work.

THE WEEK

It was quite a Week for London Lifers . . . from the opening of Samantha's (where it's all happening, psychedelic-wise!) to lunch for a Princess . . . and a model car grand prix for champion Jim Clark.

Climbing aboard the England–Sweden Line car ferry *Svea* for lunch at Tilbury . . . Princess Margaretha and her husband, Mr John Ambler.

Prince Hassan El Glaoui, son of the Pasha of Marakesh, with Erika Raffael and Helga Carsen at the Don Quixote Gallery's Roca Fuster exhibition.

Opening the new Dudu boutique in Parkway, Camden Town . . . Rita Tushingham.

Above: Among the guests drinking grog – naturally! – to launch a new book, *Pirates*, by Broan Innes . . . Miss Anne Donaldson and Mr Anthony Tucker. **Below:** Miss Jennie Lee, Minister of Arts, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts exhibition, in Dover Street, for five young artists.

Left: From one champion to another . . . Jim Clark has a happy smile for Switzerland's young champion Urs Ziorgen, who won Scalextric's international model car grand finals in the Mostyn Hotel, Portman Street. **Below:** Harold Harris, Michael Rubenstein and Elizabeth Smart discussing *Brendan Behan, Man and Showman* at Rae Jeffs' pre-publication party.

Angela

BAD news for Englishwomen, I feel, is that someone is planning to open a shop in London to sell cowboy's clothes and accessories. The clothes are supposed to brighten the lives of bank clerks and office workers after they've got home and taken off their pin-stripes and stiff collars. Well, brighten *their* lives the clothes may, but it's pretty certain that it will darken the lives of their wives.

All Englishmen, it is a well admitted fact, take on the character of the clothes they are wearing. The man who has been a meek, grey-flannelled invoice clerk all week changes character sharply at the week-end. Put him in a blazer and he instantly becomes a rolling old sea-dog, with bright blue eyes narrowed from all those years of peering through Atlantic fogs and luffing to avoid a lee shore (or something like that).

Racing driver

Give him a pair of those open-backed driving gloves for Christmas, and belt on your seat-belt, honey. Because the next time he gets behind the wheel of your faithful old family saloon, *it* will become a Ferrari, and *he* will become a devil-may-care racing-driver, manipulating the car with stiff, straight arms and doing racing changes on the way to return the library books.

Wrap him in an apron labelled "Chef" and he will stalk round the kitchen like Escoffier, scorning your humble efforts and evolving subtle sauces that need 14 ingredients, three saucepans, and somebody else to do the washing-up.

So what will happen when he puts on that complicated cowboy kit? Well, we have a pretty shrewd idea from watching all those Westerns on TV. All over London's quiet suburbs, Wild Bill Robinson from East Putney (the fastest draw in the Southern Counties) and Dead-eyed Smith from Barnet (the Bad Man of the 8.45) will be shouldering their way through their front doors, scowling at their wives from under 10-gallon hats, as though they had just been caught selling firewater to Laughing Horse. So instead of a gracious glass of sherry before dinner, it will be "Gimme a slug of rye," with hapless wives learning to slide the glass down the kitchen table like those Western bartenders. And what used to be a friendly game of bridge with the neighbours will turn into a tense scene, in which chairs are thrown back and somebody snarls "Nobody trumps my ace and lives, Mister."

I suppose it will be just about bearable, so long as their wives aren't expected to play a part, too. There are only two female characters in Westerns. One is Good-hearted Lucy, with the bold flashing eyes, dancing on tables at the Wild Bear Saloon (and very often finishing off being shot in the last reel because the producer can't think of anyone to marry her to); the other is that tiresomely gallant pioneer wife, who faces everything from a wild cat in her kitchen to Laughing Horse on the warpath (we should never have sold him that firewater), with wide, grey eyes and a Winchester 22.

Neither of them are particularly rewarding parts, and I doubt if many Englishwomen will care to play them. It looks as though you're going to have to face this one alone, partner.

Good dogs

Four public house owners have refused to display notices sent to them by their local council, in which patrons are asked to leave their dogs outside for reasons of hygiene. The publicans said that they thought people had a perfect right to bring dogs into a pub if they wanted to. The council explained that the notices were sent out to everybody who was concerned in handing out food to the public, and not just to public houses, and that nobody had to put them up if they didn't want to.

Personally, I think there ought to be less fuss about whether a dog is allowed in a shop, and more fuss about how clean the assistants are who actually handle the food. A dog, after all, stays on the floor, unless it is peculiarly unruly, and does not hand out food with its paws. But some of the hands I've seen handling food lately have made me feel, frankly, that no paws could be more repellent.

Last week I was third in the queue in a small greengrocer's shop. The first customer asked for half a pound of mushrooms. The assistant paused, spat out into her right hand some grape pips, dropped them into a waste bin, and then picked up the mushrooms with the same hand, put them into a paper bag, and handed them to the customer – who took them, paid, and walked meekly out.

The woman in front of me made no complaint, and gave her order. I sneaked out and went to another shop. I know that I should have made a fuss; and I know equally well from experience that if I had I would have been treated like a weak-minded fool, and would have got no support from the other customers.

Finger-nails

In another shop, a delicatessen with a smug "NO DOGS" notice on the door, I couldn't help noticing that the boy who was serving the cooked meats had finger-nails so black that it made me queasy to look at them.

I am all in favour of keeping dogs away from the food I am going to eat. But first things first. It seems to me that there should be stricter supervision to see that the hygiene rules for food shops are obeyed.

When we know that shop assistants are made to wash their hands regularly, when we know that the same hands do not handle clean food and filthy money, when we know that nobody is going to lick his fingers in order to separate sheets of paper in which to wrap our bacon, then we can be fussy about dogs. Until then it seems pointless just to give the dogs a bad name.

Ince

CATCHING CAMERAMEN OF THE FUTURE YOUNG

The world as seen through the eyes of children reveals itself either as a source of pleasurable experiences, or a series of complicated and intense events. Whatever the view, it may be expressed through a camera, and the International Association for Photographic Education is launching a programme to encourage a better understanding of photography in schools.

At a reception attended by Commander John Kerans, VC, the *Amethyst* hero, who is chairman of the Association, a photographic contest was announced for all children from 11 to 18 in British schools. Divided into 10 area competitions, 20 finalists will be chosen (two from each area), and all 20 will be brought to London as guests of the Association and shown round leading photographic plants.

Among the prizes will be all-expenses-paid visits to Russia, Paris and Brussels – journeys which will enable the children to meet others of a similar age interested in photography, and in the course of which they will be taken on a special photographic tour. The runners-up will receive prizes of photographic equipment, including ciné and 35 mm cameras.

In the general programme, to meet immediate needs in the schools, prominent amateur and professional photographers are to lecture, and where this is not possible tape recordings will be used. Notes for teachers, on the lines of a standard course, will show them how to instruct children in the focusing of a camera, how to light a subject, and correct exposure times.

In short, the Association are aiming to give a service that will benefit the creative impulses of sensitive youngsters with a natural aptitude for seeing the world through the lens of a camera.

When did your barber last call on you?

Since you developed this new philosophy of self-indulgence, have you noticed that even your barber calls more often? It could be TEAK, very, very exclusive cologne and after-shave. You use it in the morning—and suddenly you're having a discreet trim and using it again at half-past six. Sybarite. And why not?

TEAK

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1,000 CATS ARE GETTING READY FOR OLYMPIA

If your cat has developed a more than usually strong streak of vanity recently – like staring for hours into the looking-glass, or preening for an unbearably long time – then it is possibly preparing to gate-crash Olympia on 3 December. That's the date and place of the 70th National Cat Club championship show.

There's a cast of more than 1,000, including many of the top prima donnas of the cat world. Many new breeds will be on show for the first time, seven just recognised by the Governing Council of Cat Fancy.

There will be spotted cats (including a rare Birman), bi-coloured cats, foreign whites and a spectacular routine is promised from a troupe of Turkish swimming cats who are travelling to London by air for this rare personal appearance.

The National Cat Club is careful to avoid the impression that this star-studded event is just another hunting ground for professional breeders and foreign buyers. There are 42 classes open to pet cats only. So even if a cat tends to behave like the Mehitabel of Canning Town, there's a place for her. She can have entered the section for the cat with the most appealing expression, the cat with the sleekest coat or the cat with the most luxurious coat.

People who came by their cat while walking through Hyde Park, say, and had to climb up a particularly large tree to get hold of her – have entered in the section for rescued cats.

All the adjuncts of cattery, and things new for pussycats, will be around, from heated beds to cat foods, and also a selection of ideal Christmas presents for cats. And viewers of the BBC TV programme *Blue Peter* will find something especially interesting for them.

The Show is open from 10.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. on 3 December and entrance to the National Hall costs 3s 6d

DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

THE scene is set for a battle royal – if you will pardon the expression – between Michael Winner, one of Britain's brashest and most brilliant young film directors, and Buckingham Palace. The cause of the controversy is the £500,000 Universal International Pictures production of *The Jokers*, which tells the story in comedy fashion of a gang who carry out a successful coup to carry off the Crown Jewels.

The film, which is shot in colour and has Oliver Reed and Michael Crawford (Byron of *TW3* fame) in the leading parts, has used three sections of colour films from British newsreel libraries. One of them features Harold Wilson in a ludicrously baggy pair of shorts, another a rather undignified shot of Edward Heath, the Leader of the Opposition, while the third shows Prince Philip sailing with Uffa Fox at Cowes.

All three pieces are cut into the film when the story of the search for the Crown Jewels' robbers is in progress. The lieutenant commanding a frigate on coastal patrol can be seen scouring the horizon through a telescope. The film then cuts to the shot of the Prince and Uffa Fox in their racing yacht. It lasts only for a matter of seconds before cutting back to the bridge of the frigate. The lieutenant puts down his telescope and says: "Hardly likely, I suppose."

A Royal "No"

The problem facing director Michael Winner was that the newsreel company who owned the copyright would not allow any of the three extracts to be used without the subjects' permission. Harold Wilson saw it and agreed. Edward Heath concurred immediately. Prince Philip, without giving any reason, refused, and the newsreel company refused to give way unless he did. The current situation is one of deadlock, although Michael Winner is busy making alternative arrangements, which I cannot reveal at the moment.

Michael Winner is the traditional story of the little rich boy who makes good. The son of wealthy parents, his career in films has been as unorthodox as it has been spectacular. Editing the magazine *Varsity* while at Cambridge, he got an honours degree in law and economics before making a frontal attack on the film world. He directed a jazz version of Gilbert and Sullivan, called *The Cool Mikado*, then came out with *The System*, the story of teenagers' sexual escapades in a summer seaside town; then the police banned a Fascist meeting in Notting Hill Gate that he set up for filming at the height of the racial riots.

Superman

Buckingham Palace have picked on a redoubtable opponent. Nothing, but nothing, frightens Michael Winner, and he did not change his name by deed poll. He was born with it and has been living up to it ever since. He is the kind of man who would eat Commander Colville, the Palace Press secretary, for breakfast without even having the slightest twinge of indigestion. That, as every Pressman knows full well, is the sign of the superman.

Two weeks ago in this magazine we featured Dudley Moore and Suzy Kendall in each other's arms with a story of their film romance. This week I can report that the romance goes far beyond the world of celluloid. Last weekend he bought himself a new house in the country which he hopes to move into before Christmas. Planning all the décor with him is none other than Suzy Kendall herself.

At dinner the other night a friend asked them if anything special was going into the house. "Me," said Suzy Kendall. "And an organ in the kitchen," said Dudley Moore.

Britain's discothèques are going into the export business. Sibylla's, who went into orbit in London earlier this year, are now planning to open clubs under the same name in New York, the Bahamas and Madrid. Terence Howard, the club's director, set off on a whirlwind tour to all three places this week and hopes to announce final plans on his return.

It is not sheer chance that Samantha's, London's newest discothèque, has a name so closely resembling Sibylla's. Louis Brown, the owner of the new club, whose chain includes the Scotch of St James's, is a man with a sensitive nature.

Aware of his duties as a man about town and anxious to show that he could be gracious to his competitors, he paid a friendly visit to Sibylla's shortly after it opened. He was refused admission. Acting on the principle that if you can't join them, beat them, he made up his mind to open Samantha's. The West End scene, it appears, is hotting up.

Fast actor

David Hemmings, the former boy soprano, who has his first major film-starring role with Vanessa Redgrave in *The Blow Up*, is undergoing an intensive course to become a racing driver.

He goes to Motor Racing Stables, the famous Brands Hatch racing school, every Friday; after only three weeks he is now within striking distance of the "graduation" test, which qualifies him to drive in a Formula Three race.

I have just bought two raffle tickets in the Grand Christmas Draw of the Heston and Isleworth Labour Party, the proceeds of which are to be given to the "fighting fund." I was won over by the announcement on the ticket that the promoter was: H Wilson, Heath Road, Hounslow.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE 18 IN LONDON

So Prince Charles is 18... What of others? JEREMY HARRISON sees them through their own eyes. He picks two to cover the spectrum – Susan Daponte (left), debutante, and Ian Napier, a student.

BEING 18 still means something. Even if you have been driving for a year and wielding a motorbike for three; even if you have left school, skipped university, and got yourself married. It still means something despite the fact that if you are married you will have had to consult your parents first, and may have been forced to dispute their decision before a High Court judge; despite the fact that you are not old enough to gamble.

Regardless of all these, you now have two unimpeachable rights which you never had before. You *can* disappear from the parental home without being bothered by searching policemen (unless of course you have been abducted, or you left with the housekeeping money). You *can* spend your evenings in pubs without having to look furtively over your shoulder for the approaching law.

As changes go, these hardly rival puberty or the menopause for impact, but they are the key to the way many 18-

Continued overleaf

AT 18, DEB OR STUDENT, THE MOAN

Continued from page 21

year-olds' lives change. Some leave home, most of them with the full knowledge and approval of their family. Some go into pubs for the first time. But for all of them the eighteenth birthday marks some sort of social and legal maturity. It is the beginning of three years in a never-never land half-way between spots and teenage parties on the one hand and the fleshpots of middle-aged youth on the other.

Most 18-year-olds know where they stand: Some are quite happy with it. Others want to advance themselves quickly, skip the probationary period and have the standing of 21. Two 18-year-old graphic designers, who have just come to London from Blackpool were arguing about the voting age. "If you've got a qualified position at 18, I don't see why you shouldn't have the vote."

"But you can't judge people like that, can you."

"Yes, I know. . . ."

"But just look at all the twits of 18 who would have voted Liberal recently just because they would have marched into Rhodesia."

Age of allure

This is it. Just because an 18-year-old looks mature, is he actually mature? We can thank a concentrated intake of Swiss breakfast foods and souped-up Ribena in childhood for this confusing state of affairs. Gone too are the days when the age of allure tallied with the age of consent.

But how do they live at 18 in London? What do they think? What do they do in their spare time?

The quickest and most complete answer to this came from an 18-year-old girl who works at the Mermaid Theatre and lives in Highgate. "Some friends of mine live in a pub," she said. Enough said. But few can give such an easy and straightforward answer to the question. They do different things from week to week. Many are still discovering London; others know it but are forever finding out new things about it. None are settled.

Ian Napier is 18 and has just started a three-year degree course at the College of Estate Management in Kensington. Susan Daponte is the 18-year-old daughter of a banker, one of this year's busiest debs, and lives at her parents' home in Wilton Crescent, Belgravia.

Ian Napier has his mother's Mini, £10 a week . . . and mother pays the rent.

Ian lives with three other men in a flat in Earls Court. He and Susan are most unlikely ever to meet.

Ian left school last July. "I was at the school James Bond is supposed to have been to," he says with the mildly questioning air of one who has just posed a pleasant little riddle. He smiles with surprise when the right answer comes up: "Yes, that's right, Fettes. Do you know you are one of the first people I have met who seems to have read that bit in *You Only Live Twice*."

Seaman's roll

At a glance Ian could be any age between 16 and 25. His clothes put him nearer the 16 mark, and his awkward seaman's roll of a walk confirms the impression. And yet he has too much obvious self confidence for a 16-year-old. He talks too well for 16, but is a little too dogmatic for 25.

Ian admits that he is still in the early stages of finding out about London for himself. Term at the College started nearly two months ago, and he has seen quite a lot already. His main difficulty is that he is having trouble locating the natives. "I don't think I can actually remember meeting a Londoner yet," he confides.

"Actually it's 50 per cent. foreigners, 45 per cent. provincials, and 5 per cent. Londoners who run the pubs, isn't it?" he asks by way of a statement.

"When one first arrives in London," he continues, "one thinks, gosh all the birds are marvellous. But really you know they all fall into two categories. Seventy per cent. of them are ignorant, and the rest are pseudo-intellectuals who don't know how to use make-up."

Ian lives on an allowance of £10 a week from his mother in Manchester, and she also pays the rent of his flat (he is not eligible for a county grant). From this he feeds himself, clothes himself, buys his books, and runs a red Mini. Obviously he cannot afford to go to discothèques, so where does he go?

"I usually end up in a pub during the week," he says. He goes there with friends after lectures or hockey matches (hockey and squash are his main sports).

"I go to a club about once a month," he continues. "I put some money on the roulette last time, and came up. I go in on my brother's membership actually. The trouble was that on the same night I had my mother's suede coat nicked from the car.

"I visit these juvenile pop things once in a while as well . . . you know these horrible little beat clubs. I went to see Ike and Tina Turner the other night at the Ramjam Club. They were very good actually."

Ian will stay in London for the next five years at least. Once he is finished with his degree he will work here for two years. He will probably work in the property field and does not think he will stay much longer. "It's not a place where you can make easy money, because initial costs are so high," he explains warily. "No, I'm not obsessed with the idea of easy money. but it helps, doesn't it?"

Above all, Ian has no false ideas about his status. He is a student and knows it. "I don't think it would be right for me to get married before I'm at least 23—I couldn't support my wife. I reckon I need about £2,500 a year before I get married. It's what you're used to."

Susan Daponte has done the Season with a vengeance, and culminates it with her own dance at Annabel's and the Clermont for 350 guests. Already she has had a cocktail party, and her parents have given between 20 and 30 dinner parties for anything between 12 and 20 guests.

Growing up

"I think people grow up far too quickly," she says. "I don't know why they want to do it. I don't see why one should rush things." Then: "Oh no. I don't think I'm growing up too quickly."

Susan went to Heathfield which she left in 1964 with four "O" Levels. Then she went off to Spain for a year, where she studied Spanish literature, history and philosophy. Now she is fluent in Spanish, and uses it every day to speak to the maids. After that she went to Geneva for two months. "I was supposed to be there for a year," she says, "but I couldn't stand it so I came back. I was at a school for the United Nations."

At the same time as she is doing the Season, she is ploughing through a secretarial course during the day.

Only tramps would think of stealing a 10-shillin

IS MONEY . . .

"There were times," she admits, "when it was a bit dicey doing both, but it's all right now that things have quietened down a bit. In June of course it was parties every night. I've absolutely adored doing the Season. I'd do it again next year quite happily."

Although Susan enthusiastically says that she has adored the Season, she is not too insistent about the importance of it all. On the other hand she is not defensive about it. "I think it is primarily important in that you meet a lot of people. It's very interesting. You learn to judge people much better on first impressions. I don't see much other point to it, I must say. It has great advantages. All this especially applies at weekend house parties. If you don't like people you might as well give up – you've had your chips."

Early marriage

Susan is not a candidate for the early marriage market: "I don't plan to get married yet, certainly not until I'm past 20 anyway. There are very few people who can carry that off."

Susan has rather mixed views about the men she has met. "For a start," she says, "I did the Season more to meet girls, because most of the men who do it regularly will definitely not remain your friends for ever. They'll go on and do the Season again next year and meet a new set of people. I find that very few men do the Season for more than one year without it affecting them. They seem to get blasé and bad mannered."

Susan has least patience with the younger deb escorts of 19 or 20. "There is a type," she says, "who doesn't do any work and thinks he's frightfully clever doing nothing. There are lots of them like that."

Susan differs from many 18-year-olds in that she has no desire to live away from home. "I'm quite happy living at home. I don't think girls should move out unless their parents only happen to have a house in the country. But really it's not a case of ought to, or ought not to, it's just that I don't see any reason why they should move out." Susan of course speaks with the bias of a girl who has been away from home for long stretches anyway. School at Heathfield and her year in Spain have relieved the possible strain of living under the same roof with the same family the whole time.

The sheer physical rush of the Season has meant that she has not had much chance to go out otherwise. "An ordinary deb couple go out about once a week. It would be more but they can't afford it. It's simply because of the Squeeze. Nobody has any money. When I go it's usually to somewhere like Annabel's or the Garrison for a meal. But these days you stand a chance of going there and not meeting anyone you know."

The Season is an exercise in sophistication, but Susan reveals unwittingly that it is a rather rarified sophistication. The same girl who, without any effort, can hold her own in society gatherings, retains portions of very teenage innocence. She is loth to believe for instance that, quite apart from conscious theft, anyone could possibly want anything that is not their own.

Not done

Her response to the classic case of the ten shilling note on the pavement was: "It just doesn't enter anyone's head to take it. The obvious thing to do is to pick it up and take it to the nearest police station . . . No nobody would think of taking it, apart from tramps. It just isn't right."

Susan's Season is now vitually over. Soon she will have passed out of her secretarial college, and then she intends to get a job, after she has had a month's holiday – "I'd love to go ski-ing but I don't know quite where. I want to do something either in banking, or something to do with law or public relations," she added.

Then Susan will be "out." Next year she will be earning her own money, perhaps going to a few deb parties, and she will be 19. What difference will that make to her? "Being a deb one year, and not being a deb the next – that is the difference," says Susan.

note they had picked up?

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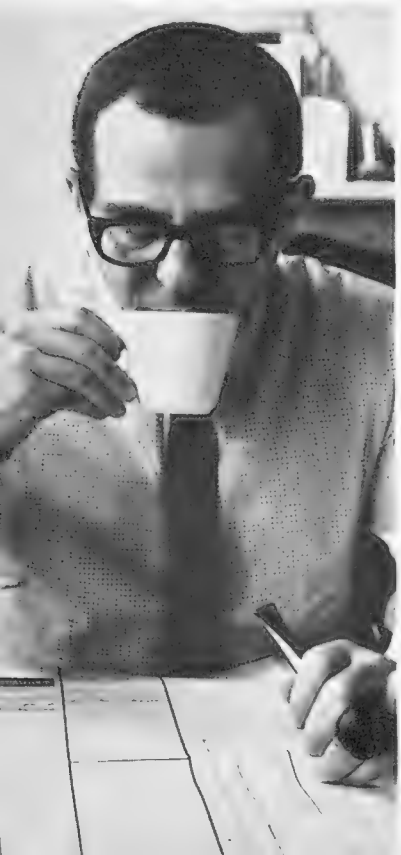
PEOPLE IN THI

Above: A popular lunchtime amusement is speaking . . . Here a young citizen airs his views at Tower Hill.

Gillian Hawser (above): 22-year-old freelance interviewer for BBC Overseas, is also an actress. She has not had her MGB sportscar very long and devotes her lunchtime to tinkering around with it.



Lady Joanna Bradford (above), who works in a travel agency called Cedar, often spends her lunch-hour shopping. Here she examines dresses in the London Boutique in the Hilton shopping arcade.

Zeev Aram (left), who owns and designs for his furniture shop in the King's Road, having a cup of coffee and catching up on some paper work – because the telephone doesn't ring during the lunch hour.

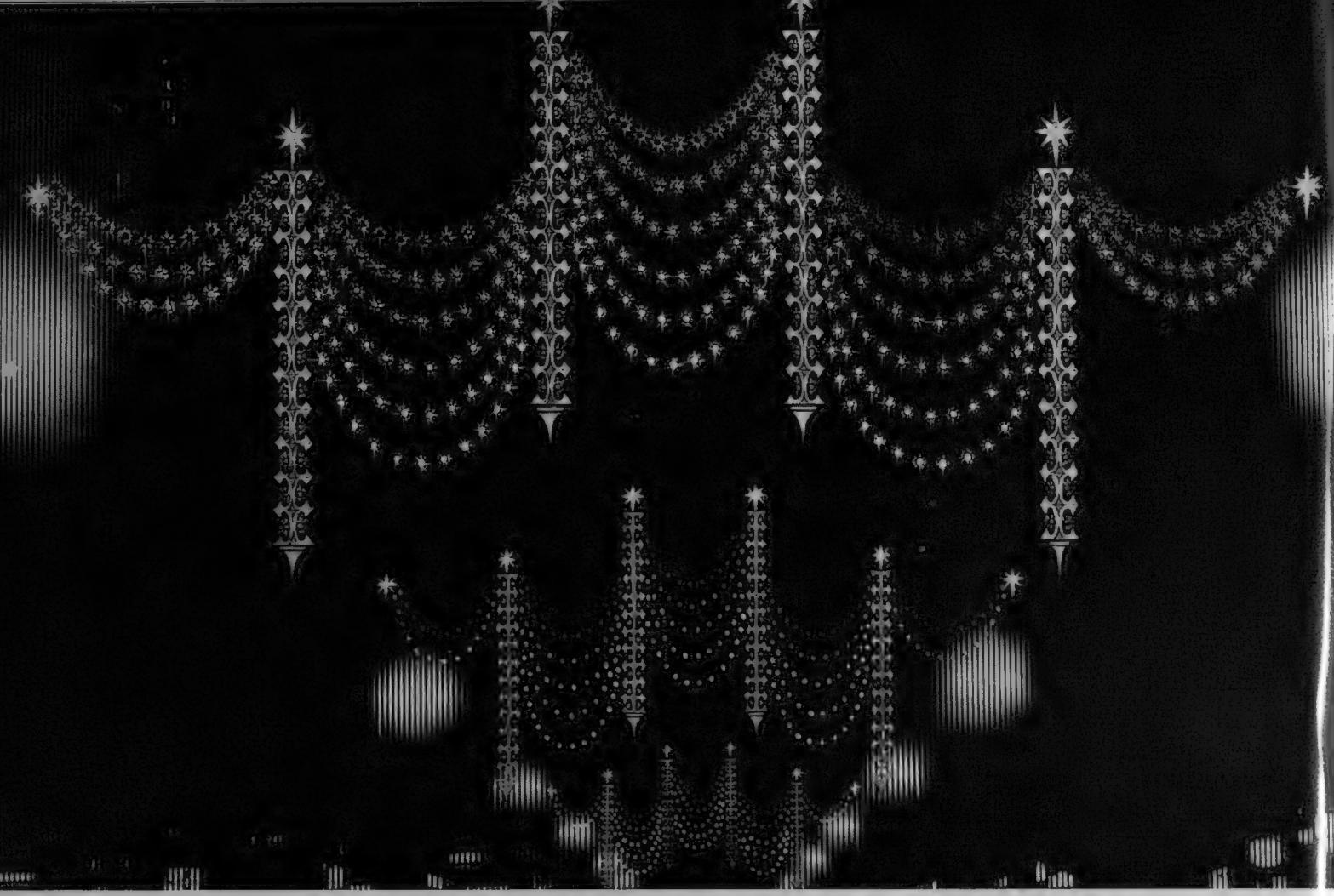
Tony Reichardt (above): manager of the Marlborough New London Gallery, arranging the Chadwick exhibition. He often works right through the lunch hour, sometimes lunches with artists or friends, but never between 12 and 2, as he hates crowds.

LUNCH-HOUR

Tessa Elwes (above): who does interior decorating with David Minaric, is grabbing a sandwich while working on the plans for redesigning the Grosvenor Hotel at their warehouse in Westbourne Grove.

Diana Dare (left), secretary to Oscar Lowenstein the film producer and impresario, buying her lunch in Shepherd's Market.

Joe Orton (right): author of the successful farcical comedy *Loot*, enjoys an apple during a lunch-hour hunt for antiques in Camden Passage.



SOMEWHERE UNDER THE RAINBOWS . . . REGENT STREET

After 13 years a new designer has taken over to provide London's Christmas decorations for Regent Street and Oxford Street. ANNABELLA EATHERLEY reports on the backstage work that goes into the greatest outdoor Yuletide illuminations in the world.

NEXT week the lights with which London's two major shopping streets celebrate Christmas will be switched on. Oxford Street will blaze with gold, and Regent Street will be a cascade of red, blue, green and amber, involving more than 6,000 lamps. Winton G Irvine has designed the Christmas decorations this year. He says: "The effect in Oxford Street will be like a golden tapestry and in Regent Street I am working towards a rainbow effect."

Two associations of shopkeepers sponsor the display and select the designer. The Oxford Street Association has 90 members and the Regent Street Association has about 200, all of whom contribute an annual subscription varying in amount according to the size of the company. But none of the companies in the Regent Street Association knows officially what any of the others pay. The Regent Street Association estimate that this year the entire project will cost them about £20,000, and the Oxford Street Association (with fewer members) say they will pay "more than £15,000."

Before the construction is completed and the lights are switched on, many problems have to be sorted out, involving not only the designer and the associations, but also the constructors, the Westminster City Engineer (who has to test the scheme for safety), and Scotland Yard.

For 13 years the same designer, Beverley Pick, was responsible for the ambitious constructions. This year, however, Mr Irvine, managing director of Irvine Martin Plastics Ltd, is doing the job for the first time.

"My main problem was to break away from the traditional things," he says. "People do not understand high-falutin' and complicated designs, they only go to see pretty lights hanging above the streets." Consequently, the designs are simplified, with the emphasis on light and colour. The coloured plastic bulbs have had to be hand-picked, because of the narrow differences in colour in his Regent Street rainbow effect. Forty bulbs will illuminate each of the 19 gold and red columns, which will be topped by a four-foot-high star. Lines of coloured fairy lights will span the street from each of the columns, involving a total of 550 bulbs for each line – creating a magnificent drape of rainbow-coloured lace.

Oxford Street's blaze of gold and crystal will contrast with Regent Street's rainbow effect. Twenty-five lines will span the street, the lamps being somewhat larger than those used in Regent Street. On each of the two side panels, golden tassels will be suspended, each panel linked by swags of illuminated gold and silver garlands in the shape of a seven-foot orb surmounted by a Maltese Cross, producing a golden tapestry.

Mr Irvine, the man behind this year's illuminations, is 55 years old. Formerly a railways executive, he is married and has three children.

The decorations are made in his factory in Ipswich, and all the equipment has to be transported about 60 miles by lorries in relays. Two teams of six work through the night to erect the lights, although the catenary wires are put up three weeks before, in the daylight, and this is the only time the erectors are allowed into the buildings. The rest is done throughout the night.

Lord Geddes will switch on the lights in Oxford Street on 23 November at 6 pm, and the next day the Lord Mayor of Westminster, Councillor A L Burton, will switch on the lights in Regent Street. Thereafter they will be shining from 3 pm until 11.30 pm.

ALONG SOHO'S NEON STRIP, A MUSICAL RENAISSANCE . . .

If you've always associated Soho with row after row of restaurants and strip-clubs, you're in for a surprise. Out of the jungle of narrow streets and neon lights has risen a new interest in music that is changing Soho's image . . . Report by IAN WOODWARD

Nicholas Jackson

IF Handel were alive today, I wonder what he would think of his beloved Soho, where he frequently dined in Meard Street with Schudi the harpsichord maker? Admittedly, London at that time was hardly a pleasant city to live in, with its streets fouled with squelching mud and rotting refuse that no one cleared away, not to mention ever-threatening marauders on the prowl. But Soho, at least, was a little different, being a smart, high-society area, much like Belgravia and Mayfair today. It was also the musical centre of London.

Walking through Soho some time tonight, say, the confirmed bachelor Handel might be excused the occasional grunt of surprise as he passes the teeming restaurants, the gay girls, the flashing neon lights, and the strip-clubs.

There are a number of people who are a bit worried about Soho's present image, and they are doing something about it; in fact, they've been doing something about it for the past two and a half years. Their aim is not too unreasonable, though it would be foolish to suggest that the task is going to be easy: they want to restore Soho to its old role of a place for music, to provide a *joie de vivre* besides strip.

Exciting job

Spearheading this project is Nicholas Jackson, associate musical director of the Soho Music Society. The SMS was founded in 1964 to carry out this exciting job, and is manned entirely by professional musicians, who provide a platform for concerts in much the same way as London's older philharmonic societies run the business side of the well-known symphony orchestras.

Tall, 30-year-old Nicholas Jackson is well-equipped for the job of enlivening Soho's music scene. He is the organist of Soho's Church of St Anne's, and is equally at home on the harpsichord and piano. His harpsichord recordings are widely acclaimed, particularly those of music by Bach, Handel and Scarlatti. In a few months he is to record on the organ of the Royal Festival Hall.

He read music at Oxford, and later studied at the Royal Academy of Music. He is a composer of some distinction, his *Mass For a Saint's Day* having just enjoyed enormous success at the St John the Divine Cathedral in New York, and he has started on another composition.

"I've always felt that London's concert life is a very impersonal affair," he told me. "I mean, you see all those people traipsing to the Festival Hall and traipsing away again after the concert – and not having said so much as 'Excuse me' to their neighbours as they've made their way to their seats. It's really quite depressing. Let's bring back a little social enjoyment.

Party

"We want people to come to our concerts, get to know each other, and then meet the artists at a party afterwards. Good music need never be stuffy, nor need the people who listen to it."

The people Mr Jackson has gathered round him to form the Soho Concertante, a small chamber orchestra of about 12 players, make up a Who's Who of London's top musicians. There is Hugh Maguire, leader of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Janet Craxton (oboe), Douglas Whittaker (flute), Bruno Schrecker ('cello), Philip Jones (trumpet) and Nicholas Jackson himself, who is the harpsichordist.

"We've always insisted on the very finest players," Mr Jackson assured me, as though with such a galaxy of names assurance were necessary. "They cost a lot. What good things don't today?

The best

"But then, Soho was once always associated with the best of everything. Bach's 21st son, J C Bach, started it all in 1765 by founding the famous Soho Square Concerts, and he himself lived in Carlyle Street. Mozart, too, once lived in Frith Street and Haydn resided for a while in Great Poultney Street. And Dr William Croft composed the hymn *O God Our Help in Ages Past* for the first organ of the old St Anne's. Bach's *St John Passion* was given its first English performance in St Anne's Church. Jolly lucky people, those Londoners. Also, at this time, Soho boasted over 20 different harpsichord makers, rivalling those of any others in the world."

Mr Jackson asked me an awkward question: "You haven't, I don't suppose, got any old 18th century clothes you don't want? We're giving a production of Bach's *Coffee Cantata* at the Banqueting House on 6 December, and we're desperately in need of costumes of the period; would be terribly pleased if you could come up with something."

Christmas music

I racked my brains, but I had to admit that my wardrobe was decidely lacking in 18th century costumery; not even a lace wristy-cuff, actually. I don't suppose a nice pair of spats . . . ? But he didn't seem interested.

The *Coffee Cantata*, a period satire on the then considered vice of coffee-drinking, is just one example of some of the enterprising performances planned for the present SMS's season. Last Tuesday, for instance, the Society gave the first-ever performance of Handel's *Saevit Tellus Cantata*, and a programme of 17th to 20th century Christmas music is planned for 20 December.

The established 18th century giants are not having it all their own way, for the Society has also been commissioning music from a number of modern composers, among them Richard Arnell and John Gardner. Gardner's *Mass in C* is to be given its first English performance on 15 January, as is also Oliver Hunt's *Motet*. While, looking a little further ahead, Hunt's *Solo Interludes* will receive its first public hearing at the London College of Music on 28 February.

The significant thing about each of these concerts is that the social side will be stressed. Receptions will be held after the performances. Says Mr Jackson: "We want to bring back something of the old warmth of a musical evening; we shall dine as well. We must get rid of this stuffy attitude to concertgoing."

"GOOD MUSIC NEED NEVER BE STUFFY"

INSIDE A FLOOR SHOW

'I wish there were stage door Johnnies here, some nice men waiting outside with bunches of flowers and bottles of champagne tucked under their arms'

Many novels have been written, many films made about the drama behind the smooth, spangled glitter of the showgirls' line-up. To bring the record up to date, JOHN MCLEOD accompanied by photographers, JOHN SEYMOUR and JOHN BENTON HARRIS visited backstage at Piccadilly's Pigalle theatre restaurant . . .

THE frills and feathers have been discarded, and the magnificent frames are now clad in almost-demure street clothing. Some sit filing and polishing their nails, other pluck eyebrows. Their luminous eyes reflect spurious interest, for the interview routine is old hat now. They've done the whole bit; seen the lot.

They are showgirls, the élite ladies' corps in a West End floorshow, appearing for the delectation of the night people who crowd the Pigalle theatre restaurant in Piccadilly.

They are apparently hardened by the business-there's-nothing-quite-like. Yet, at first glance, as a group in a dressing room, they are comparable more to an inaugural meeting of a Young Wives' circle. The impression is heightened as they speak, simply but cogently about the business, their careers, their personal lives; elegant legs crossed, thrusting bosoms negating the low-key innocence of the halter necklines, the jumpers, and neat skirts. Emphasising this is the clear memory of the recent display under stark stage lights of their near-nude beauty. And one remembers the maxim about mentally undressing a lovely woman.

But mildly carnal thoughts disperse with the cigarette smoke and one becomes engrossed in detail as they unconsciously eradicate the glamour surrounding them and the show.

There are seven showgirls and eight dancers in the Pigalle show. They do two shows a night, and to make more money some dash from the Pigalle after the first performance to "double" in a show at the nearby Stork Room. There seems little glamour to this . . . feverish wiping away of sweat from brows and temples; hasty application of under-arm deodorant; fresh, facile make-up; into a coat, then scamper.

The fine distinction, too, be-

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The kindling touch of glamour

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tween a showgirl and a dancer should not be lost sight of, though this is not stressed in bitchy tones. It's just, darling, that showgirls usually wear the nicest dresses and costumes. We are meant to be decorative, and provide the extra glamour touch to the numbers, they say.

Eight costume changes are undertaken with practised speed, during each of the hour-long shows. Seamstresses are on hand to cope with any last-minute tragedies involving dresses. And, flitting maternally through the dressing rooms, is ballet mistress Ann Becher.

High-stepper

On the way to the dressing rooms the clackety-clack of high heels is heard on the bare boards. Then she sweeps round the corner, tall, proud high-stepper, her Titian hair acquiring extra lustre from the azure-blue of the backstage lighting. Kim Lawrence, singer-dancer, fine-featured and lovely. From Greenwood Road, Sheffield 9. A pair of tights is rolled up under her arm, and she says she's dashing off to sew them. She's mad about sewing, you see. Sits in the dressing room in scanty bra and panties, taking up hems of skirts, needle darting with expert precision through the material.

On the darkened stage, as property men prepare for the next show, we chat briefly. There is the merest hesitation, then she says blandly: "I'm 24, and have been at the Pigalle for about three years. I'm a soubrette now." Her, dad, George, is 56 and a toolmaker in Sheffield. Her mum's name is Rose, and she's 54. "I'm the only child, and I've been in London about 10 years." This meant she came south when she was 14? "Well, actually, I'm 27," she admits. "I came here because I just didn't like Sheffield very much. I fancied doing cabaret work and dancing. I've worked in Las Vegas, Hong Kong, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Stockholm, Denmark, Tangiers and Casablanca."

KIM LAWRENCE. Age: 27. Born: Sheffield. Her father is a toolmaker, and she came alone to London about 10 years ago. "I've worked in Las Vegas, Hong Kong, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Stockholm, Denmark, Tangiers and Casablanca . . . " She's mad about sewing and animals; spends a lot of time at the Zoo. Plans to marry an Australian.

She doubles at the Stork. Did understudy work when she first started at the Pigalle, began there as a dancer. "One of the leading ladies left about two weeks ago, and I took over. My boy friend is Australian, met him while I was in a show in Jersey. I'll be going to Australia in a couple of years."

As she edges nearer the exit, and the show at the Stork, she maintains her staccato answers. Her flat in Victoria – lounge, bedroom, bathroom, kitchen – costs her 10 guineas a week. She adores

GRAZINA FRAME. Age: 24. Born: London. Leading woman singer in the show; lives in Hampstead. "I'm going to get married before Christmas, and will probably go back to films. Club work is very nerve-racking." She started in cabaret last October, in a solo act at Newcastle.

DIANE LANGTON. Age: 22. Born: Somerset, but came up to London when she was two weeks old. Lives in Fulham with her husband and two-year-old son. First job was in pantomime at the age of 15, later formed a double act with a boy partner and played the Palladium. Has worked in Italy, Portugal and Spain, also did a series of *TW3* as a dancer.

FELICITY HAYMAN. Age: 21. Born: London. Lives at Wembley with her family. Early experience with Tiller Girls and at the Palladium. "Professionalism is dead. It depends on appearance now, rather than talent." Would like to go back to band singing.

KIM FRASER. Age: 25. Born: London. Her first job was dancing in a pantomime in Edinburgh when she was 18. Hasn't been with the Pigalle show for very long, but is enjoying herself quite a bit. "You have to get used to the late hours." She has done some solo spots but says disarmingly: "I'm a bit too old to start thinking about striking out as a soloist."

animals and spends a lot of time at the Zoo. "I feed all the stray cats I can find. I also do a lot of dressmaking." Visits her parents about twice a year, doesn't like London all that much. "It's very dirty. I prefer to work abroad." But she enjoys the business. Yes, Kim Lawrence, too, after seasoned experience, is still aware of the occasional star in her eyes.

"Show business is very satisfying." But she concedes: "It's also very overrated. Lots of people watching us probably think we have mad parties every night, and we're all terribly showbiz-type people. But we're not like that, really."

The long, lovely legs propel her nearer the exit. "I've been a redhead for about three years and decided to go brunette for a while. I wanted to go blonde but it didn't work awfully well from red . . ." She must dash, now. And the goodbye is just discernible through the clackety-clack of the departing heels.

At convent

Up some steps and into a dressing room. Grazina Frame, petite, effervescing, self-assured blonde. "Pull up a chair, have a cigarette." She's the lead female singer in the show. Real name Grazyna Obrycka. "Father was a flight-lieutenant, killed in the war. That's where the Polish bit comes in." From Hampstead. She's 24. Family has successful business and she has always lived at home. Still does. Has been in the business 13 years.

"I was chosen, while I was at a convent, for the lead in a BBC TV play. Then I went to the Aida Foster theatrical school until I was 17. I've done films, TV, theatre, Palladium summer show with Harry Secombe . . . let me see, that was about 1961." Like most of the girls, she has dates, places, incidents on the tip of her tongue, there to be dropped with the practised ease of the graduate showbiz girl. "Took over from Marion Ryan in the summer show when she went ill.

"A season at *Talk of the Town*, then juvenile lead in Lionel Bart's *Blitz*. Then the Harry Corbett *Bargee* film, followed by *The Alphabet Murders* movie with Anita Ekberg and Robert Morley last year."

She began in cabaret last October, as a solo act at the Dolce Vita in Newcastle, and came to the Pigalle in April this year. "I'm going to get married before Christmas, and will probably go back to films. I've been offered a contract. Much better, films. Club work is very nerve-racking. But this show at the Pigalle is much easier than being a soloist. As a soloist you take the can back. But the less aggressive you are to the audience, the more they will respond to you."

Grazina turns back to the mirror, pats a stray lock into place. Swivel in the chair, and you are face to face with red-headed Vivienne McCallum, 25, five-foot ten, and a gas of a girl from Bethnal Green. We are introduced, and a couple of the girls call out. "Viv's the Girl from Auntie."

She smiles the mickey-takers aside, says she's been in showbiz since she was 17. She began with Bluebell in

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English men are slow to ask for a date

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Paris, and really got started because she "saw an advert in the paper for tall girls. I applied and that was it. I thought, 'I'll see the world . . . I'll go to Paris . . . and, oh, golly, it'll be fun.' But cold dressing rooms soon put you off a bit. After Paris, I toured Italy with another ballet, then back to the Folies in Paris for a little while."

She gave up the business for a spell, and worked in an office as a computer operator. But soon it was back to the lights and the music, back to the Latin Quarter, then the Pigalle last November when the show opened. "I really missed the business when I was in that office. I like it in London, but there's more money abroad." A Pigalle showgirl gets £18 a week, a dancer £15. "I'd like to go abroad again." She probably will, too. Father is dead, but mum is still in the East End. Two younger sisters are "happily married, with domesticated lives. My brother has just left school."

LESLEY ANDERSON. Age: 16. Born: London. Youngest member of the Pigalle team of show girls is in her first job. Still lives in London, at home with her parents, likes shopping with her mother, has a boyfriend. Her ambitions are to appear in musicals or to take up modelling.

VIVIENNE McCALLUM. Age: 25. Born: London. Mother lives in the East End and she has two younger married sisters and a brother. Started with Bluebell troupe in Paris. Has also been a computer operator, but soon returned to the bright lights. Has been at the Pigalle since the show opened last year. "I like it in London, but there's more money abroad."

DIANA EDWARDS. Age: 26. Born: Jersey, where she started as a showgirl eight years ago. Married, with a four-year-old son. Her husband sings in *Robert and Elizabeth*. "I think when the show's over that will do for me . . . I'd like to have more children."

Flashing eyes

Sitting next to Vivienne is flashing-eyed Pamela Faris, 25, with her black hair upswept in feather style. She's from Stockport, Cheshire, sister of West End singer Pat Ferris, and shares a Gloucester Place flat with sister and another girl. She and Vivienne comment, with becoming frankness: "I wish there were stage door Johnnies here, some nice men waiting outside with bunches of flowers and bottles of champagne tucked under their arms." Wistfully, almost: "But Englishmen lack confidence. They're too frightened to make an approach to you. They must think we are unattainable, mixing with counts and grand people all the time." They add: "They don't seem to be able to pluck up the courage to ask for a date. Continental men are completely different."

Pamela's sister brought her to London, she says. "She was here six months before me, and I followed her. First show was in Cairo, and I've travelled quite a lot – Beirut, Athens, Cyprus, Italy, Spain. I was about 19 when I started. I came into the business because my sister was in it, and I wanted to travel. I'd like to go abroad again.

"Once you are out of show business, you miss it. When you are in, you complain like mad, but there's something fascinating about it. I have met marriageable men abroad, but not in England. Social life for a showgirl is almost nil, and there is little opportunity to meet anybody. Abroad people seek you out. They don't bother here. In any case, the Pigalle is the type of place where men bring their wives or girl friends. There are very few single men around." Her parents came to London about three years ago, "because, I suppose, they missed my sister and me."

Most of the girls have a preference for working abroad. Says Pamela: "You get at least £20 a week. In Las Vegas, you can earn about £75. London is terrible for payment." Another factor is the outlook of the girls abroad. "A party of 12 girls will stick together. But in London everybody has her own separate life and goes her own separate way."

Apart from the nicer type of stage door Johnny, what about agents, bookers and managers who offer a better deal – with strings attached? The old business of "You be nice to me, I'll get you a better contract." Says Pamela: "You do get approaches like this, and people with some authority come and chat you up, particularly abroad, where you get this more often. I have met one or two in the business who tried to put strings on it. They'll offer you the moon, if you'll be nice to them. But it's generally only in some tatty little organisation where you get people doing that."

On Sundays . . .

Away from the clubs and the shows, how do the girls spend their time? "On Sundays, a whole day off, I often go out, sometimes stay in and watch TV. Most of the girls like to spend their spare time at home."

To some of the girls, home has an even bigger and deeper meaning. They are the married

ANN BECHER. Age: 29. Born: London, but brought up in Australia, where she danced in ballet. This is her first job since she returned to this country. Ambition: acting. Ann is ballet mistress for the show. "It's my responsibility to keep the show up to scratch, to keep it looking good. It's a very good, slick show with very few lapses."

CHRISTINE RAPHAEL. Age: 21. Born: Thorpe Bay. Married to Pigalle musical director Richard Raphael. Her first job was touring in a show in the Midlands.

ones, who somehow manage to combine the pleasurable responsibility of the home with the longing for transient joy and glamour in the West End. One of them is Diana Edwards, a sweet redhead from Jersey. She married in 1960 and has a little boy, Stephen, four. She has been in London six years, began in showbiz in 1958, summer season work in Jersey. After marrying, she did not do much professionally until she came to the Pigalle a year ago. Husband Brian is a singer in *Robert and Elizabeth* at the Lyric Theatre, and they live in Greenwood Road, Hackney. She wanted to work again, but with her little boy nearing school age, wants to spend more time with him. Her mother-in-law looks after him while she's at work. "I want to stay home, now," she says. "I think when the show's over, that will do for me. In any case, I would like to have more children."

By comparison with quiet-spoken Diana, tall blonde Jenny Shaw is volatile and bubbly, with a Junoesque figure. She's 24 and married to a receptionist at Annabel's. They live in Harrow, where Jenny was born and brought up. She went to the Arts Educational school, "dancing, elocution, drama in the morning, ordinary lessons in the afternoons."

She never wanted to do anything else, she says, and would like to be a principal dancer. But "you have to wait until somebody falls out, because once someone is in, she goes on for years." When she was 16, Jenny danced in Paris and Italy, but would not like to go abroad again, now that she's married. She was out of the business for several months, "and it got so much on my nerves, I had to come back again. I missed the girls, and the company and the laughs we had. I'm not really content, now. But it's different when you're married. You have responsibility to someone else, as well as yourself. You can't just hop off to any-old-where. But if somebody offered me anything in films or TV, naturally I'd take it."

Objective

Jenny has an objective view of the whole showbiz thing. She says the business hasn't changed much. "Different clubs treat you differently. In some places, you get food, but you don't get any arranged for you here. We usually have something to eat in the café round the corner. But if it's raining, or we feel a bit tired, we don't want to go out. Then we can eat here, but that will be a bit expensive for us." A chorus from the girls: "So we just sit in this little room and go hungry. Trouble with this is, the room is either too hot, or it's freezing."

Most of the girls say they would welcome even a cup of tea, courtesy of the Pigalle management. And all would like better wages.

They instance the fact that they have no union. "There is Equity, of course, but it doesn't seem to concern itself with clubs. If Equity came into the clubs, and the clubs worked on Equity contracts, things would be better."

Felicity Hayman, a veteran of 21, has decided opinions on her profession. She lives with mum and dad – Lilian and Sonny – at Wembley, has two older brothers and a younger brother and sister. She started seven years ago, and proclaims: "Professionalism has died. The business has deteriorated enormously. I think it's the lack of quality in the people coming into it nowadays. It depends on appearance now, rather than talent. If your height and appearance are good, you're in – it doesn't matter whether you can dance or not. The training only comes when the contracts are signed, now. That's why I gave up dancing and concentrated on singing in the last two years. And the money is so low, people leave and find alternative employment."

She started with the Tiller Girls, then sang at the Palladium. She does band singing at the Pigalle besides dancing. "Last year, I did only band work, singing in Germany and France, Italy, Spain, North Africa, Majorca and Holland." She has been at the Pigalle five months, but would like to go back to band singing again, or have a principal part in a musical.

The showgirls and the dancers are the glamour components in what is an undoubtedly lavish and skilfully planned show. Its lynch-pin, however, is male singer Gerry Grant, an amiable 35-year-old from Portland Bill, who has done something in the region of 700 broadcasts and 60 TV appearances. Band singer, TV soloist, cabaret artist . . . Ralph Reader "Gangster" . . . *Bitter Sweet* . . . he has run the whole gamut of the business, and is currently involved in many TV commercials, recording and song-writing.

And, of course, backstage one finds the man who gives the essential solidity to the gloss, froth and glitter that dazzle and entertain the diners. The stage director is a quietly efficient man called David Wiseman, 37, who has been at the Pigalle for 13 months. Before this, he was with an American agency in Germany, managing and promoting groups like the Hi-Los, Four Freshmen, and artists of the calibre of Rosemary Clooney, Billy Eckstine, Billy Daniels.

Auditioning

He came to the Pigalle with Shirley Bassey last year, and stayed on. "A show like this," he says, "starts with a producer being approached by the management. He presents his ideas and they give him the go-ahead. Then comes auditioning for the principals and chorus, and this goes on for weeks. It then goes into production a month before it opens. Then there's the rehearsal period, the making of costumes, scenery and lighting arrangements."

The show, billed as *Piccadilly Night Out*, is now an established success in London's clubland.

"If Equity came to the clubs things would be better . . ."

BEAUTIQUE

THE FASHION SERVICE FOR WOMEN . . . by Norma Moriceau

CAMOUFLAGE: A cosmetic called Covermark is available at most beauticians to camouflage birthmarks or scars, which probably cause self-consciousness, especially in teenagers. The International School of Natural Beauty Therapy (WEL 4765) is one place that handles this problem. Individual appointments are necessary and they will give a demonstration of how to cover marks completely. For example, for a heavy birthmark or scar, the first step is an obliterator; secondly, to tone in with skin; thirdly, a powder which, together with the first two steps, makes the treatment completely waterproof; and lastly, a special antiseptic removal cream. For the four products, the price would be approximately £4, although proportionately less for a lighter mark or scar. For teenagers there are special lessons on remodelling the face with cosmetics as well as camouflage.

DAYDREAM: For a luxury day, if you have £5 15s 6d to spare, why not try one of the new beauty services at Andre Bernard, 10a Old Bond Street. Called Top to Toe Treatment, you get a steambath, body massage, full facial cleanse, masque and make-up, shampoo and set, and manicure. The other service is a pre-party pick-me-up at 2 guineas, which is a shampoo and set, plus a quick cleanse and make-up. One of these indulgences would be a super Christmas present for some lucky lady.

HAIR SETTERS: What is the look for spring? Roger at Vidal Sassoon, Grosvenor House, predicts a look that is adaptable to short and not so short hair *(above left)*. Basically, the hair has a side-parting but cut very short, with a fringe, like at the front and down the sides, into long sideboards in front of the ears. The back, behind the ears, can be different lengths and can be pulled back with a clip or bow for evenings. Leonard (Upper Grosvenor Street) is cutting his hair very short all over, with long side-boards and curving down the back of the neck (like a Regency man's haircut), similar to a well-fitting helmet of hair. His other style *(above right)* – he is cutting a wig for Twiggy like this – is very soft, 'thirtyish (his favourite era), with long sides waved to below the ears like ripples of a waterfall. He is having buckles and clips made to wear with this style. The back is shaped into the neck and is shorter than the front. We hope to have photographs of both styles later in the month. Until then, it is worth reiterating that an added advantage of the short, short hair is that it is much easier to wear a wig – ending the theory that short hair is not versatile.

SKIN CARE: *One of the nicest complexion soaps for sensitive or dry skins is Cyclax's skin soap: it is super-fatted and very mild. Price is 4s 7d a tablet. Also in the Cyclax range for problem skins is their excellent Special Lotion, which draws impurities to the surface of the skin – removing spots, blackheads, enlarged pores, sallowness and excess oiliness: 9s 3d and 15 6d.*

REFLECTION: Ardens Silverings, new shimmering lips colours, take on a pearly glow and create new effects, depending on the colours used and the reflection of light (will reflect the colour of your dress). Eight colours, each at 10s 6d.

TAKE OFF: *For those looking for a really effective eye make-up remover, and who are perhaps finding that ordinary cleansing creams or soap and water just don't do the job, why not try Max Factor's Eye Make-Up Remover Pads: a jar of 60 pads costs 5s 7d. They don't irritate the eyes, and remove mascara instantly, leaving a light film of oil to help prevent brittleness and broken lashes.*

TOILETRIES: *Cathy McGowan beauty products are reasonably priced . . . complexion soap from 1s 3d to hair spray at 6s 11d; other products include deodorant, bath cubes, talc, hand cream, make-up remover and shampoo. They are on sale at Barkers and most stores, and are good for the young budget-conscious girl.*

GOLD DUST: *More glitter news – from Elizabeth Arden – which is great for evenings. Sungold Powder Shado across the cheekbones, Silver Brilliance Cake Eye Shado on the lids, and Sungold Cake Eye Shado just under the eyebrows for highlights. This silver/gold/dusty-look is most alluring, especially with glitter clothes. Cake Shado for eyes is 11s 6d, Sungold Powder Shado 9s 3d*

SLEEPING BEAUTY: From Faberge comes a highly concentrated perfume *(left)* to lull you to sleep. It only needs two or three drops to wrap you in a super fragrance through the night. Just as good for daytime, too – what a dreamy idea! If you would like a free sample of the Bedtime Perfume, send a s.a.e. to Faberge Parfumes Ltd, *London Life* Bedtime Offer, 457 Edinburgh Avenue, Slough, Bucks.

HAIR LITES: How do you fancy blonde hair streaks that can be clipped in? Saves bleaching and, for the girl who can never decide if she wants her hair streaked or not, they are perfect. They cost 6s 6d (post free) from Erida Wigs Ltd, 80 York Street, London, W1, for a packet of three.

SOOTY: Elizabeth Arden will have on sale at the end of this month their new eyelashes, which give a more effective look to the eyes. Price 31s 6d.

ONE FOR YOU: *From 28 November, for two weeks, M Guy de Saint Jorre from the Paris Institute of Harriet Hubbard Ayer will be at Marshall and Snelgrove to advise on beauty problems, beauty charts, and so on. While he is there, any customer who buys 2 guineas' worth from either the Molyneux or Harriet Hubbard Ayer counters will be able to choose an extra 1 guinea's worth of cosmetics or perfume. Good idea for Christmas shopping.*

NEW IN BOND STREET: Matalon Hair Salon will open at 170 New Bond Street some time this month. It will be in the Innoxa Beauty Salon, and the prices for shampoo and set should be approximately 25s. The team of hairdressers will concentrate on individual styles rather than creating a "look." The décor, by Ken Moore, will be in navy blue and thistle, navy and white, and beige and white, with special lighting to achieve colour effects.

CONTACT: *Anyone with problems or questions to ask regarding contact lenses should get in touch with the Contact Lens Research and Information Centre in Welbeck Street, W1 (WEL 7662). Their aid is completely free and they will answer any queries, as well as put you in touch with a local practitioner.*

ON TOP: Periwigs Wig Boutique, 58 Beauchamp Place, SW3, have a postal service for those who are short of time. Just send in a snip of hair and a crossed cheque or postal order, and they will send a carefully matched wig or hairpiece within a few days. Prices begin at 4½ guineas and wigs at 17 guineas. For those who can visit the boutique, there is a large range of hairpieces and wigs to choose from, and customers can have their wigs cut and set at a small extra charge.

NEW FACE: The Violet Adair House of Beauty, at 27 Abingdon Road, W8, have a new range of Pier Auge treatments, not only to correct problems, but maintain healthy, glowing skin. All Pier Auge products are pure and natural, containing no chemicals. Price for a full facial treatment for normal skin is 3 guineas; for any type of problem skin, 4 guineas.

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

MAKE-UP is an art in itself, and its application often remains a complete mystery to the layman. Models set the pace – they are the ones who experiment with it, perfect it, wear it – and are photographed wearing it, into the bargain. One has merely to turn to the fashion pages to find an indication of what is to come.

For now and next year, the look is divided. One is the variation on the Shrimpton Look (wide-eyed, soft mouthed, extreme black and white sculptured eyes and painted freckles), the other is the look of the 'forties, today worn by top American model girl, Donna Mitchell.

This is achieved with heavy, shadowed, drooping lids, arched eyebrows, darker pink, almost Cupid bow lips, and softer, wavier hair. There is a strong feeling today for this make-up, because more and more models are photographed wearing it.

Beauty consultants are introducing darker lipsticks and nail varnishes in the existing ranges. It is just a matter of choice, but the 'forties influence is not only in make-up – from what we have seen of the next spring fashions, there is a definite flashback to the Dietrich era.

Also, Leonard's new hairstyle for spring will be very much a 'thirties-cum-'forties look, with hair in waves, pulled back with clips and buckles.

By the way, a shop that is firmly favouring the 'forties era for both men and women is Simon Shop, 341 King's Road, SW3. The real news is in men's wear, where the return of the George Raft-Fred Astaire fashion is very strong. Trousers are wide, high-waisted, with turn-ups; jackets are double-breasted and skimpy, in pink corduroy, pin stripes, and so on, and Aertex shirts are all the rage.

AND HOW TO ACHIEVE THE BEST OF BOTH...

THE FRECKLED LOOK: *Beige foundation by Charles of the Ritz, Ultimate blush on by Revlon. Eyes: Mary Quant's eye shapers to accent hollow, pearl white on lids, brown in hollow, Max Factor's black eye-liner on lids and for false underlashes, Lancôme black block mascara on upper and lower lashes. Freckles applied with Max Factor's soft brown pencil. Lips: Estee Lauder's strawberry lipglow. Hair is soft and flowing or very short and straight. To be worn with Mary Quant's AM perfume, which is light, fresh, guileless and totally disarming: synonomous with the waif-like, gamin girl of '66.*

THE 'FORTIES LOOK: *Foundation of Quant's Bare Light Starkers. Cheekbones with Quant's face shapers, dusted with Shulton's Cornsilk loose-powder. Eyes: Lancôme brown shadow on lids, extended into hollows, and slightly smudged under the eyes with a downward, rather than upward, end; Lancôme's block black mascara, Max Factor's brown pencil on eyebrows. Lips: Yardley's Capri Pink. Hair is soft and waved, without back-combing. To be worn with Worth's Je Reviens perfume, which is nostalgic or veiled, or Molyneux' Le Numero Cinq, which is a classic, sophisticated perfume of the 'forties.*

HIS PLACE

By ROGER ELDRIDGE

ENGLAND is slowly going West – Wild West, that is. For some time now, an increasing number of sober stockbrokers and civil servants have spent their weekends playing Cowboys and Indians. They disappear to special ranches in Basingstoke, Slough and Ringwood, don cow-puncher's gear and eat pork and beans round open fires. The cowboy cult has spread from France, where the Association Western de France has a large following.

Now, for the first time in England, a fashion shop has opened to cater specially for these latently virile tastes. Called The Westerner, it was officially opened at 469 Oxford Street this week by John Michael's. "The whole cult denies civilisation," said John Michael Ingram. "It's forcibly masculine and back to Mother Earth. I had this idea five months ago, and tried a pilot-scheme in our shop in Old Compton Street. From that we've moved into what I believe to be the first shop in Britain to stock a full range of Western clothes and accessories."

All the goods are specially imported from the United States.

IT LOOKS as if shirt patterns are returning to stockbroker stripes again. This is the firm prediction made by Tern. The same trend has already been put into practice by Stanley Adams. For 4 guineas you can have a striped crepon shirt with a high-pointed collar, specially tapered at the waist to avoid belt-buckle-bulge. Colour combinations are brown and blue, purple and pink, and white and grey. As one designer said: "So nothing's new in fashion, but by gosh we'll make it look new." Tern even go so far as to suggest checks for leisure wear!

DHOBI WEATHERLUX have revivified rubber. The traditional country riding outfit has been modernised to such a degree that it's almost wearable. The new Down Town range, designed by Peter Golding, flares outwards from just above the waistline. It has a lancer, double-breasted front with regimental buttons, and flared cuffs. Sells in off-white or navy blue at 10 guineas.

If you are under 20 and marrying tomorrow, what will you wear at the ceremony? Harry Fenton's asked this question of 2,000 young men, and on the basis of their replies designed the ideal outfit to get married in. Most of those questioned specified a double-breasted jacket, soberly cut in tweed, and herringbone slacks. The Fenton matrimonial kit consists of a green tweed jacket and fawn trousers enlivened a little by a lilac button-down shirt.

For the self-indulgent hearth-hogger, a hybrid combination of dinner jacket and smoking jacket, by Austin Reed. Has slant flapped pockets, a centre vent, but no breast pocket, and costs £14.

AN old dodge changed into an amusing gift: a watch strap with a built-in calendar. This could start a whole new cult: for students who want a concealed crib-sheet; for pseudo-Northern comedians floundering for a joke; for after-dinner speakers who can't remember the names of their hosts . . . the possibilities are endless. The prototype of this information-at-a-flick-of-the-wrist sells at Austin Reed, complete with a 12-month calendar pack, for 7s 6d.

Presenting the most expensive cardigan in the world, the Regent, created by Pringle of Scotland. It costs 60 guineas, and is made from double-weight Vicuna, the richest and rarest fibre of them all.

Despite the long-dead craze for trousers and jackets in corduroy, the material still has a lot of possibilities. Jaeger have introduced a corduroy trench coat with epaulettes, broad back and frontal flaps, wrist straps, and a buckled belt worn in a knot. Sells in kangaroo colour at £24 10s.

Socks are never outstandingly affected by new fashions. We had a short-lived craze for luminous socks, but they were considered rather spivvy and soon flared up into oblivion. However, clothes manufacturers are beginning to realise that unusual ideas in men's underwear and hosiery can be commercially viable. Byford's present an alternative to the almost institutional lines set by the larger chain stores; apart from the conventional range of colours, they offer such adventurous shades as ember red, plumage and seaweed.

I am informed that the self-destructive look is sweeping across the East End. The more obvious manifestations of this trend are scarlet eye-patches and self-adhesive scars and pock marks for the face. As one man-about-the-East End said: "You can't date the best birds if you're pretty. All the uglies are making it big."

King's Ransom

Unchanged in a changing world!

The Luxury Scotch

Bottled at 82·3° proof

WILLIAM WHITELEY & CO.
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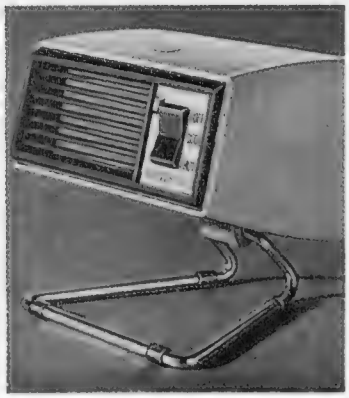
NEW THINGS FOR WARMTH

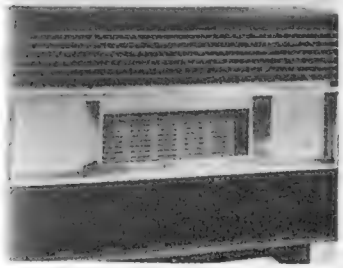
by Annabella Eatherley



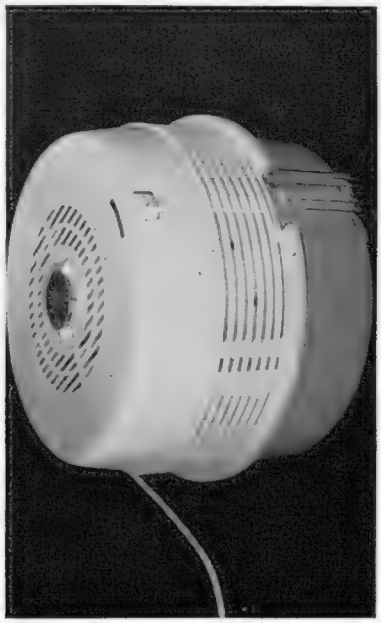
Above: Personal Hoover 600-watt turbo-heater, 5½ inches across, which emits cool or hot air, and can be placed on a desk: 6 guineas from Fortnum and Mason. **Above right:** Home heating control plan by Honeywell, contains a thermostat for the boiler and pump, a cylinder thermostat for the hot water, and a room thermostat. Called the Sundial Plan, its price is £19 15s.

Thermostatic radiation valve by Danfoss which modulates the flow through individual radiators and maintains a pre-set room temperature. Price £5 3s. 8d.

Solid fuel, high output, central heating and indirect hot-water boiler. It needs refuelling twice a day: Made in various sizes by Crane, the Super Cavendish costs £56 to £93.



Warmaire central heating heats the whole house, and gives hot water, for an average 3-bedroom house. Picture shows the heater unit. The whole package deal is £225, including installation, by Shell-Mex and BP.



Above: Electrically operated Swiss humidifier for rooms up to 1,000 cu. feet: £15 15s from the Humidifier Co.

Left: Gas-fired central heating unit which can be installed in the fireplace or separately on the hearth. The Ideal Trident, by Ideal Standard, £68 15s 4d.

Redfyre's new solid fuel boiler which projects 4½ inches into the room, heats a room up to 1,650 cu. feet, and has a back-boiler which heats water and four or five radiators. The Redfyre Plus 5 is £42 16s.

JAM TOMORROW

weekly traffic service

The cable laying operation which closed **Crouch Hill**, N8, between **Broadway** and **Haringey Park,** has been completed, and the road is now reopened to traffic. Similarly, resurfacing has been finished on two roads – Chase Side, N14, between Green Road and Chase Way, and Kennington Lane, SE11, between Cottington Street and Newington Butts; the go-slow routine is over. The road menders have moved elsewhere to **Clapham Park Road,** SW4, between **Bedford Road** and **High Street,** where resurfacing is currently causing delays. Road reconstruction is still causing heavy delays in several areas north of the Thames; along **East Heath Road,** between **Holford Road** and **Southend Road,** all northbound traffic has been diverted; along **Gordon House Road,** NW5, between **Lissenden Gardens** and **Highgate Road,** the eastbound flow has been temporarily banned.

The GLC, in conjunction with Harrow Borough Council, is inquiring into the best means of relieving congestion in **Harrow Town Centre.** The following measures are likely to be implemented: **Sheepcote Road** north of **Gayton Road** will have a one-way flow from north to south, and northbound traffic will be diverted along **St John's Road** and **Station Road.** Since this would create a further bottleneck where the traffic came into contact with cars moving westwards along Kenton Bridge Road, clockwise one-way working will be introduced in parts of Gayton Road, Kenton Road and Sheepcote Road. The right turn from **Kenton Road** into **Watford** will be banned to all private vehicles; these will be redirected through Gayton Road, Kenton Road and Sheepcote Road. Traffic signals will be installed at Kenton Road Bridge and later at Roxborough Bridge; this will remove the necessity for police control at these points. Road reconstruction and resurfacing will also be carried out, and signposting will be improved.

Where to go cruising this Christmas

by SHEILA FITZJONES

CRUISES should be divided into two categories: 1. British ships: inclusive cost of cruise and all money spent on board ship can be paid in sterling. The only foreign currency you will need is for shore excursions and gifts bought abroad. 2. Foreign ships: Many of the foreign shipping lines have been granted exemption by the Bank of England from currency restrictions on their cruise holidays. But check up before you book.

CUNARD STEAM-SHIP CO, LTD,
15 Regent St, SW1 (WHI 7890)

Queen Mary Christmas Cruise: Leaves Southampton on 23 December and returns on 29th. Port of call: Las Palmas. Fares from £65.

Carinthia Christmas Cruise: Leaves Liverpool on Friday, 23 December and returns on 6 January. Ports of call: Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas, Gibraltar, and Lisbon. Fares from £107

Sylvania West Indies Cruise: Leaves Southampton on 13 January and returns on 18 February. Ports of call include: Le Havre, Las Palmas, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, Antigua, Nassau, Bermuda and Madeira. Fares from £325.

Carinthia Blue Seas Cruise: Leaves Southampton on 7 February and returns on 20 February. Ports of call: Las Palmas, Tenerife, Madeira, Gibraltar, Lisbon. Fares from £95.

CHANDRIS CRUISES LTD
70/71 New Bond St, W1
(MAY 6756)

At the time of going to press, Chandris Line were still not sure about the outcome of negotiations with the Bank of England for making their cruise holidays free from currency restrictions. If the Bank of England refuses their application, the V-form allowance (the amount that has to be deducted from your £50 allowance) will be 20 per cent. of the total cost of the holiday.

Fantasia Christmas and New Year Cruise to the Lands of the Bible: Leaves Venice on 18 December. Ports of call: Corfu, Piraeus (Athens), Beirut, Haifa (Christmas Day), Rhodes, Heraklion (Crete), Dubrovnik. Returns to Venice on 2 January. Cost from 40 guineas. Special cruise flight to Venice at 31 guineas.

Romantica Christmas and New Year Cruise to Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, the Lebanon and Greece: Leaves Naples on 19 December. Ports of call: Tunis, Tripoli, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirut, Piraeus (Athens). Returns to Naples on 6 January. Cost from 108 guineas. Special cruise flight to Naples: 39 guineas.

Regular winter cruises on the *Romantica* from Naples to Egypt, the Lebanon and Greece on 7 and 21 January, 4 and 18 February and 4 March. Price from 90 guineas. Main travel agents for this line in London are Global of London, 301-7 Oxford Street, W1 (HYD 8242).

TYPALDOS LINES (Greek)
Hellenic House, 12 Old Bond St
W1 (MAY 5841)

Elektra grand Christmas and New Year Cruise. Leaves Venice on 18 December. Ports of call: Candia (Crete), Alexandria (three days), Port Said, Beirut (three days), Haifa (two days), Antalya in Turkey, Istanbul (two days), Piraeus (Athens – two days). Return to Venice 7 January. Cost from Venice to Venice is from £95, or from London to London from £123.

Akropolis Christmas and New Year Cruise to Canary Isles and North Africa: Leaves Genoa on 22 December. Ports of call: Cannes, Gibraltar, Funchal, Santa Cruz (two days), Las Palmas, Arrecife, Casablanca (two days), Malaga, Cannes. Return to Genoa on 5 January. Cost from Genoa to Genoa from £63. From London to London from £95

Mikonos Christmas Cruise to Red Sea and Ethiopia. Leaves London by United Arab Airlines to Cairo on 23 December (also 7, 21 January, 4, 18 February, 4 March). You stay in Cairo overnight, sightsee the next day and take train to Suez where you embark on the *Mykonos*. Ports of call include Hurghada (Upper Egypt) (two days), Kosseir, Massawa (Ethiopia), Asmara (two days), Aquaba (Jordan), returning to Suez on 5 January. Back in London on 6 January. Cost: £174, 16 days, London-London.

(N.B. Typaldos Lines have received permission from the Bank of England for their inclusive fare prices to be exempt from currency restrictions.)

FRENCH LINE
20 Cockspur St, SW1 (TRA 9040)

France Christmas Cruise to Canaries and West Africa: Leaves Southampton on 20 December and returns on 2 January. Ports of call: Santa Cruz-Tenerife, Daker-Senegal (Christmas Day), Freetown-Sierra Leone and Lisbon. Cost £148. (As a gesture, to help the present tightness of currency regulations, the French Line offers its passengers on this cruise free shore excursions in the three non-sterling area ports of call.)

ROYAL MAIL LINES
America House, Cockspur St
SW1 (TRA 6271)

Andes 62-day New Year Sunshine Cruise round Africa: Leaves Southampton on 10 January. Ports of call: Las Palmas, Freetown Sierra Leone, Luanda, Cape Town (three days), Port Elizabeth, Durban, Lourenço Marques Mahe (Seychelles), Dar Es Salaam (two days), Mombasa (two days), Port Suez, Port Said, Malta, Madeira. Arrive back in Southampton on 13 March. Cost from £630.

P & O - ORIENT LINES
14 Cockspur St, SW1 (WHI 4444)

Christmas Cruise on the *Canberra* to the Equator and back: Leaves Southampton on 23 December and returns on 6 January. Ports of call: Madeira, Las Palmas and Lisbon. Reaches the Equator on Friday 30 December. Fares from £90.

TOP SOCCER TEAMS PLAY FOR CHARITY

Two of the world's top football teams play against each other in a match with a difference, on 22 November at Stamford Bridge. The teams are Chelsea, at present leaders of the First Division, and Real Madrid, European Cup holders . . . and the difference is that the match is the first of a series of annual international games to be played for charity.

Going under the abbreviation of ORT (Organisation for Rehabilitation through Training), the charity behind the series is a voluntary international concern with the aim of providing help to underprivileged youths and refugees throughout the world. ORT started in Russia over 85 years ago, during which time it has taught some one million youths in 675 special schools scattered throughout 24 countries.

Due to the consequence of war and its aftermath, ORT developed very quickly from a Russo-Polish organisation into first, a Central European, then a world organisation. In countries where poverty ignorance and disaster have robbed children of a chance of an education or career, ORT provides facilities for their rehabilitation. But one sad fact remains: for every place vacant in an ORT school, there are five eager applicants.

This is why £4¼ million is needed next year, so that more places can be made available for prospective students. Unless the money is found though, some ORT schools will have to be closed.

Such eminent personalities as Sir John Gielgud, the Earl of Drogheda, and Yehudi Menuhin, KBE, support the organisation, whose headquarters are at 24 South Molton Street, W1. Billy Wright and Sir Billy Butlin also give their services. Stamford Bridge ought to be packed on the 22nd, when the Winner's Trophy which has been donated by Silexine Paints Ltd and designed by a young silversmith, Andrew Bray, will be presented on the ground by Alf Ramsey.

THE BRIDES

Miss Jillian Fox-Carlyon (right), daughter of Mr and Mrs R T Fox-Carlyon of Chittlehampton, Devon, was married to Mr John Gordon at Our Lady of the Assumption, W1. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*

Miss Nancy Cotter (left), from New Zealand, was married to Mr Robert Kelly, son of the late Mr P P Kelly, and Mrs B S Mason of Longfield, Kent, at St Francis de Sales, Longfield, *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

Miss Patricia Jane Smith (above), daughter of Mr F Gordon Smith, CBE, and Mrs Dora Smith of Horsham, Sussex, was married to Lt Torben Houlberg, eldest son of Forstander and Frue Herluf Houlberg of Fyn, Denmark, at the Crypt Chapel, St Paul's Cathedral. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*

Miss Elizabeth Joan Duntze (below), only daughter of Sir George Duntze of Redcliffe Square, SW10, and of Joan Lady Duntze, was married to Mr Nicholas Lowther James Grove, younger son of Lt-Col and Mrs Michael Grove of Wye, Kent, at St Mary's, Kensington. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*

Miss Virginia Margaret Farrer (above), daughter of the late Capt H L Farrer and Mrs Farrer of Northallerton, Yorks, was married to Capt Peter Steveney, only son of Lt-Col and Mrs O K Steveney of Bordon, Hants, at St Mary's, Kirkby Fleetham. *Photo: Tom Hustler*

Miss Gillian Edwards (right), daughter of Mrs J T Edwards of Dorking, Surrey, and the late Dr J T Edwards, was married to Mr Paolo Casini, son of Signora T Casini of Rome and the late Signor A Casini, at St Mary's, SW3. *Photo: Belgrave Press Bureau*

Miss Georgina Mary Arbuthnott (above), elder daughter of Cmdr J G Arbuthnott, RN (retd.) and Mrs Arbuthnott of Chelsea Embankment, was married to Mr William Sparling, only son of Mrs L Sparling and the late Mr W E Sparling of Fregus, France, at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea. *Photo: Portman Press Bureau*

THEATRE

Charles Dyer's new play *Staircase* (now in the RSC's repertory alongside *U S* and Co at the Aldwych) is cast in similar mould to that of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* exploring, as it does, the bonds of hate and love that bind two people irrevocably together. It begins lightly, amusingly, with sharp, minor exchanges: flesh wounds. One wonders, fleetingly, why Peter Hall has bothered. But we know Peter Hall and surrender for a while to the very funny dialogue, to the extraordinarily well-observed acting, to the pointed, poised direction.

And, of course, the wheels turn. Revelations follow: one by one the onion-skins of illusion are stripped away. The in-fighting becomes tougher, and then, for one brutal moment, reality shines in – only for the characters to turn away in shock at the things they have released, and to resume as the day ends, the original phasing of their lives.

Skeletons rattle

But problems have been raised and faced, skeletons rattled and recognised. The similarity with Albee's play ends there. He presented his *Walpurgisnacht* of the emotions as a regular, painful purgative; Dyer's people have reached a sudden crisis.

It is well known by now that Dyer's characters are two men, middle-aged, homosexual, who run a back-street barber shop in Brixton. But the play is not *about* homosexuality; it doesn't gloom and posturise. It is remarkably free of that aura of self-pity (or rather the characters are) that soddens the average queer novels, for example. Harry C Leeds owns the shop; plump, squidgy, put-on, oriented to Boy Scout days and innocent childhood pleasures. He makes drinking chocolate like his sisters used to. Charles Dyer (the author uses his own name to avoid possible libel) is lean, neurotic, an ex-chorus boy, defensively sharp and derisive in all he says.

Personal problems

As the play begins, they are both handling some sort of personal problem. Harry's is that one night all his black, curly hair fell out ("I thought there was a kitten on your pillow," squawks Charlie incredulously). Charlie's problem is that the imminent arrival of his daughter (virility symbol from way back) coincides with the arrival of a summons to appear in court on a charge of importuning in drag.

The focus of the play soon swings to Charlie; initially he is flip about both the daughter and the charge. But the true importance of both is revealed as his whole life is revealed as founded on make-believe. All the friends he talks about, we discover, have names that are anagrams of Charles Dyer. When Harry points out that his name too is a similar anagram, Charlie is stunned: "I couldn't have invented you," he sneers, "I only make up beautiful people."

Unwilling projection?

Is Harry, in fact, real? Or is he an unwilling projection of Charlie's personality? In his direction Peter Hall rejects this quite firmly, though the feeling hangs that the play is, in fact, a dialogue between Charlie and his other self.

Paul Scofield (Charlie) gives another dazzling, virtuosic impersonation. He articulates certain words (stuffed otter . . . *salon de dames* . . . Muswell Hill) to rank alongside Edith Evans's *handbag*, or Maggie Smith's *Judith*. The nature of the play, the relationship balance it reveals, possibly makes Patrick Magee's Harry shaded by the Scofield brilliance. But his performance has probably greater depths; it is read in from life. Too frequently Scofield gives the impression of a fantastic impersonation (as in *The Government Inspector*) that he hangs up with his clothes, not living with him all the time.

Disarming Cilla

There is little I would want to add to the many paragraphs of praise that have happened over the last few days on the subject of Frankie Howerd, whose appearance in *Way Out In Piccadilly* is one of the great lights in the West End just now. I would add that I find Cilla Black, who shares the programme with him, quite disarming and with a great quality of tenderness about her singing.

But the show itself is distressing; both stars deserve a much better showcase than this. Ray Galton, Alan Simpson and Eric Sykes take the writing credits – and they can keep them. There are three sketches of unbelievable inanity, as dull as they are unoriginal and an acute embarrassment to all concerned.

There is a group of acrobats who haven't decided whether they are tumblers or a pop group, and do both to excess. The Irving Davies Dancers appear from time to time doing the Royal Canadian Air Force Exercises under different lights. It is supposed to be funny when the scenery drops to pieces – I think it is making a virtue out of necessity. It really does seem a very great shame that such talents as those possessed by Frankie and Cilla should be diminished by long passages of tatty boredom.

roger baker

WEST END

openings

Thurs 17 Nov: **BELCHER'S LUCK,** Royal Shakespeare Company, Aldwych, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Author: David Mercer. Dir: David Jones. Cast: David Waller, Sebastian Shaw, John Hurt, Sheila Allen. 7.0. Fri: 7.30

Tu 22 Nov: **THIS AND THAT,** Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Revue written by and starring James and Gilda Perry. 7.30. Cont: 8.0. Sat Mat: 5.0

W 23 Nov: **MERCE CUNNINGHAM'S DANCE COMPANY,** Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 6596). Music: John Cage, David Tudor, Gordon Mumma. 7.0

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Andrew Cruickshank is the high court judge involved with the pretty wife of a man he's just sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 Aug 1965

THE BED-SITTING ROOM, Mermaid, Puddle Dock, Blackfriars (CIT 7556). The original Spike Milligan show; written, directed and starring Spike. 6.10, 8.40 Opened 10 Oct. Ends 17 Dec

BIG BAD MOUSE, Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 6596). Eric Sykes and Jimmy Edwards in a play full of vast laughs. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.15). F. and Sat: 6.15 (ends 8.15) and 8.45 (ends 10.45). Opened 17 Oct.

BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, W1 (VIC 1317). It should make a fair television show, this. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Peter Byrne (TV's Andy Crawford) juggles old school friend, three air hostesses and eccentric maid in and out of various doors. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962. Ends 7 Jan

Richard Murdoch dons military manners in "The General's Tea Party" at the Jeanetta Cochrane.

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Anna Neagle singing and dancing; Joe Brown and Hy Hazell ditto in a summertime Cinderella fable. 7.30 (ends 10.10). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, W1 (WHI 6692). Danny La Rue changes his drag a dozen times but Barbara Windsor does get a look in during the high camp routines. 8.0 (ends 10.30); Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May

THE FIGHTING COCK, Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122). John Clements and Sarah Badel in elegant Anouilh. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.15). Sat Mat: 5.0 (ends 7.30). Opened 25 Oct

THE GENERAL'S TEA PARTY, Jeanetta Cochrane, Southampton Row, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Boris Vian. Dir: Michael Geliot. Cast: Richard Murdoch, Gwen Nelson. 7.45. Ends 19 Nov

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8106). The transatlantic bombshell has become a touch cosy with Dora Bryan wow-wow-wowing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1965

THE ISRAELI COMPANY OF MIME AND SONG, New Arts, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334.) Principal artists: Nehma Hendel and Juki Arkin. 8.0. Sat: 5.0. Opened 7 Nov. Ends 19 Nov

Coral Browne sweeps through the revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Phoenix as the ferocious Mrs Erlynne.

JORROCKS, New, St. Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Joss Ackland makes an endearing hero in a colourful and appealing musical. 8.0 (ends 10.45). T and Sat Mats: 4.15 (ends 7.0). Opened 22 Sept

JUSTICE IS A WOMAN, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Constance Cummings returns to the West End as a lady judge. 7.30. Subs: 8.0. W Mat: 2.45. Sat Mat: 5.0

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St. Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 2443). Hermione Baddeley is now the radio actress who loses her part, and Andrée Melly her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4061). Extended bedroom farce with the delectable Glynis Johns playing Anne of Cleves to Keith Michell's Henry VIII. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 25 July.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, Phoenix, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 8611). Coral Browne sweeps devastatingly through a slice of Beaton-designed Wilde. 8.0 (ends 10.30). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 13 Oct

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick and Barry Foster in an admired English version of a Sardou

comedy. 8.30 (ends 10.40). W and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 26 July

LONDON LAUGHS, Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). London is actually a bit more sophisticated than this, but Jimmy Tarbuck is engaging. Harry Secombe booming and Anita Harris swinging. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May. Ends 10 Dec

LOOT, Criterion, Piccadilly (WHI 3216). Charles Marowitz directs Joe Orton's controversial play. 8.15. Th and Sat 6.0, 8.45

MACBETH, Royal Court, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). English Stage Company. Dir: William Gaskill. Cast: Alec Guinness, Simone Signoret (until Sat 19 Nov then Susan Engel). 7.30 (ends 10.10). Sat Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.40). Opened 20 Oct. Ends 3 Dec

MAN OF MAGIC, Piccadilly, opp Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Dir: Peter Ebert. Cast: Stuart Damon, Judith Bruce, Doris Hare, Stubby Kaye, Colin Welland. 7.15. Subs: 7.45. W Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West End, WC3 (TEM 1171). After 14 years still a mystery. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30)

THE ODD COUPLE, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Neil Simon's hilarious study of two husbands sharing a flat. 8.0 (ends 10.5). Th Mat: 2.30 (ends 4.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 10.35). Opened 12 Oct

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 3028). Anna Massey in the title role. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May

Michael Bates, on leave from "The Navy Lark," is the pop-eyed detective in "Loot," now at the Criterion Theatre.

THE RIVALS, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Ralph Richardson and Margaret Rutherford in some stylish Sheridan. 7.45 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.15 (ends 10.45). Opened 6 Oct.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Musical version of The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Conventional in harmony and style, but as comfortable as hot chocolate at bedtime. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25) Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Ian Carmichael and Patrick Cargill have women trouble, not aided by the insufficiences of the telephone. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F, Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). The hills are alive with it, and not only that, they've been alive since 18 May 1961. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W and Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Ends 14 Jan

Judith Bruce is the faithful Bess in the new Houdini musical, "Man of Magic," at the Piccadilly Theatre.

SPRING AND PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 2663). Bill Naughton's study of a family rebelling against the heavy father, who is Alfred Marks. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th and Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Barbara Ferris is a sweet little Chelsea bird who meets Donald Sinden, an up-stage cookery writer. Very funny and sharp. 8.15 (ends 10.30). W: 2.30 (ends 4.45). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June

WAIT UNTIL DARK, Strand, Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Honor Blackman returns to the stage as the blind wife of a photographer involved in dope-peddling. 7.45 (ends 10.5). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.50); 8.30 (ends 10.50). Opened 27 July

WAY OUT IN PICCADILLY, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Authors: Ray Galton, Alan Simpson, Eric Sykes. Stars: Frankie Howerd, Cilla Black. 8.0 W, T. Sat: 6.10, 8.45. Opened 3 Nov

REPERTORY

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY, Old Vic, Waterloo Road, SE1 (WAT 7616). Th 17 Nov: A FLEA IN HER EAR by Feydeau. A prototype in-and-out-of-doors farce. 2.15 (ends 4.45); 7.30 (ends 10.0)
F 18 and Sat 19 Nov: LOVE FOR LOVE. Peter Wood's golden production of Congreve's flawed classic. 7.30 (ends 10.15). Sat Mat: 2.15 (ends 5.0)
T 22 and W 23 Nov: A BOND HONOURED by Osborne and BLACK COMEDY by Shaffer. The most controversial play of recent months paired with the funniest. 7.30 (ends 10.30)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, Strand, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 17, F 18 Nov: See West End Openings
Sat 19 Nov: STAIRCASE by Charles Dyer. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: Paul Scofield, Patrick Magee. 2.30
Sat 19, M 21, T 22 Nov: U S by dir: Peter Brook. Des: Sally Jacobs, Music: Richard Peaslee, Lyrics: Adrian Mitchell, Orig Text: Denis Cannan. 7.30
W 23 Nov: DAYS IN THE TREES by Marguerite Duras. Peggy Ashcroft in virtuoso performance. 7.30 (ends 10.5)

CLUBS

HAMPSTEAD, 98 Avenue Road, NW3 (PRI 9301). THE SILENCE OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD with Alan Dobie, Sarah Miles, Bessie Love. W 23 Nov: 7.30

LAMDA, Logan Place, Earls Court Road, W 8 (FRE 7017). LUCRECE, THE PROPOSAL and THE WEDDING. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.45. F Mat: 2.30

LITTLE ANGEL MARIONETTE THEATRE, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N1 (CAN 1787). THE MARSH KING'S DAUGHTER. Sat 19 Nov: 3.0, 5.0. Sun 20 Nov: 3.0. A special show for the very young. Sat: 11.0

MOUNTVIEW, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU 5885). HENRY V. Until Sat 19 Nov: 8.0

PLAYERS, Villiers Street, Strand, WC2 (TRA 1134). LATE JOYS – Victorian music hall. M and T: 8.0. W-Sat: 9.0

QUIPU, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). THE BEAR. Th 17. F 18 Nov: 12.15 and 1.15

OUT OF TOWN

OXFORD PLAYHOUSE, Beaumont Street, Oxford (0092-47133). Th 17, F 18 Nov: JENOUSIA, by René de Obaldia. Comedy of the absurd. Oxford University Experimental Theatre Club. 8.0
Sat 19 Nov: THE VISIT by Dürrenmatt. A rich old woman returns to her home town. 2.30 & 8.0
T 22, W 23 Nov: THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF MAHAGONNY. Dir: David Drew. Brecht's symbol for the corruption of pre-war Berlin and the 20th century. Oxford University Opera Club. 8.0

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford (0483-60191). DEAR CHARLES by Alan Melville. Dir: Alexandre Doré. Sophy Stewart in the part created by Yvonne Arnaud, with Joan Hickson. Ellis Irving, Clement McCallum. 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

PERIMETER

ASHCROFT, Fairfield Hall, Croydon (CRO 9291). KING LEAR. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.45

INTIMATE THEATRE, Palmers Green, N13 (PAL 3798). A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.0

NEW, High Street, Bromley (RAV 6677). THE CREEPER. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.45. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.15, 8.0

QUESTORS, Mattock Lane, Ealing (EAL 0011). MACBETH. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.45

RICHMOND, The Green, Richmond (RIC 0088). DEAR MISS HOPE with Irene Handl. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.45. Sat: 5.30, 8.15
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. From M 21 Nov: 7.45

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1 (CAN 5111). THE THREE SISTERS. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.30

THEATRE ROYAL, Windsor, Berks (95-61107). SHADOWS OF THE EVENING and COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD. M, W, Th: 7.30. T, F, Sat: 8.0. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat Mat: 4.45

WIMBLEDON, SW19 (WIM 5211. WHITE HORSE INN. Until Sat 19 Nov: 7.30. Th Mat: 2.30. Sat: 5.0, 8.15

morning

noon

&night

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films

One important thing that a Harold Pinter script gives to a film is personality. One can rely on the dialogue to be off-beat, but all on a similar plane. To a chilly, compelling and rather sharp new spy thriller called *The Quiller Memorandum* (A, Odeon Leicester Square, currently), Pinter contributes a faintly mocking, faintly menacing collection of words that give the characters identities all their own, and raise the stealthy, nervy prowlings-around to a level of quizzical suspense a good percentage above the blatantly commercial, if a couple of degrees less realistic than Alec Leamas.

Alec Guinness, in particular, has all the most acid lines as a Waverley-shaded Cyril Cusack, giving out threat-tinged information and double-edged advice to Quiller (George Segal), who takes over a task that has already cost the lives of two fellow-agents – hunting down the headquarters of those hard-core Nazis beginning to start up in business again: a topicality bonus which the film's makers could hardly have envisaged.

Robert Bresson's new film is Georges Bernanos' "Mouchette." Once again, Bresson will use no professional actors.

Segal, hunted by low-key colour camerawork on the one side and the Nazis, led by a benevolent-looking torturer, Max von Sydow, on the other (and captured by the latter), is perfectly cast as Quiller, edgily humorous as the hunter, agonisingly defiant in defeat as the hunted. For light relief, George Sanders and Robert Flemyng are typical Pinter sideline observers. John Barry's music gells nicely with the rest of the technical work, although someone seems to be over-fond of crescendos. The theme is haunting enough without being plugged in this way.

● Jerry Lewis – under his own direction, at any rate – continues to flounder to and fro between the supremely funny and a comic wasteland in *Three on a Couch* (U, Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue, from 17 November). As usual, the 30-second sight gags are easily the funniest (some of them very funny indeed), and long stretches of three-quarter serious, very wooden dialogue between Jerry, Janet Leigh and James Best are quite unaccountable injections of boredom. The film runs for 109 minutes, and would be much improved if trimmed down to about 90.

It does, oddly enough, contain one of the best ballads I've heard in months.

david quinlan

OPENING

FAHRENHEIT 451 (A). François Truffaut's latest film, from a novel by Ray Bradbury, dealing with a society where books are forbidden and firemen are employed to burn them. Oskar Werner and Cyril Cusack give fine performances, but Julie Christie seems unable to sustain her dual role. (Col. 112 min.) **Leicester Square Theatre.** WHI 5252. Opens Th 17 Nov

THREE ON A COUCH (U). More fun for Jerry Lewis devotees. He produces, directs and plays a multiple character. He is engaged to a psychiatrist (Janet Leigh) and sets out to help three of her patients with their emotional problems, so she will be free to marry him – but the results are predictably disastrous. Dir: Jerry Lewis. Col. 109 min.) With: *The Texican* (U). **Columbia,** Shaftesbury Avenue. REG 5414. Opens Th 17 Nov

WEST END

AFTER THE FOX (U). Peter Sellers and his gang assume the guise of a film crew to smuggle in a cargo of stolen gold under police protection. Sellers adopts a number of disguises and easily outshines a dull supporting cast. (Col. 102 min.) **Prince Charles,** Leicester Place. GER 8181. 2.0, 4.27, 6.54, 9.21. Sat only: 11 pm. (Check with cinema)

ALFIE (X). Michael Caine plays the incredible Alfie, devoutly dedicated to a love life that is intensive, uncommitted and often funny. His birds flit in and out at lightning speed. (Col. 114 min.) **Classic,** Piccadilly Circus. GER 2380. 2.35, 5.49, 9.3. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 2.9, 5.23, 8.37

ALVAREZ KELLY (A). A meandering, but off-beat Western, set at the time of the American Civil War, about rivalry between the Union Army and the Confederates over a great herd of cattle owned by Alvarez Kelly, an Irish-Mexican rancher. (William Holden, Richard Widmark. Col. 110 min.) **London Pavilion,** Piccadilly Circus. GER 2982. 10.25, 12.48, 3.23, 6.5, 8.52. Sun: 2.50, 5.30, 8.20. Ends 23 Nov

BALTHAZAR (A). Film of eloquent simplicity about the life of a donkey as he passes from owner to owner over the years, surrounded by the corrupt inhabitants of a remote village. (Francis Lafarge, Nathalie Joyaut. 90 min.) With: *Le Baron de l'Ecluse* (A). **Cameo-Poly,** Upper Regent Street. LAN 1744. 2.42, 5.54, 9.6. Sun: 5.37, 8.54

THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING (U). Covers from the Creation to the story of Abraham and Isaac. John Huston's direction is uneven but the Noah sequence, in which he himself plays Noah, is quite delightful and amusing, though the animals really steal the show. (Michael Parks, Richard Harris, George C Scott. Col. Cinerama. 175 min.) **Coliseum Cinerama,** St Martin's Lane. TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.30, 7.30

THE BLUE MAX (A). George Peppard plays an unscrupulous German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal in the Kaiser's air force. Air scenes splendid, but dialogue grounded. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) **Metropole,** Victoria. Vic 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

DARLING . . . (X). Director John Schlesinger attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life but succeeds only in a rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) **Windmill,** Great Windmill Street. GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean. Omar Sharif smoulders as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie is unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin. Col. 193 min.) **Empire,** Leicester Square. GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

FOUR KINDS OF LOVE (X). Quartet of earthy comedies. Acceptable sexual *potpourri*, with Elke Sommer in the warmest and funniest episode. (Gina Lollobrigida, Virna Lisi, Monica Vitti. 111 min.) With: *Pierrot Le Fou* (A). **Continentale,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 4193. Pgm: 1.0, 2.50, 6.50

GEORGY GIRL (X). A gay, voguishly directed piece about a plump, unattractive young girl. Lynn Redgrave gives a touching, sympathetic performance. (James Mason, Alan Bates. 99 min.) **Carlton,** Haymarket. WHI 3711. 1.45, 4.10, 6.35, 9.0. Sat only: 11.15 pm. Sun: 4.10, 6.35, 9.0

THE GROUP (X). Nostalgic but lumpy saga of eight college girls and their careers. Set in the '30s. (Candice Bergen, Elizabeth Hartman, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight. Col. 146 min.) With: *Reflections on Love* (U). **Berkeley,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 8150. Pgm: 1.50, 4.30, 7.40

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (U). William Wyler's first comedy since *Roman Holiday*, with Audrey Hepburn delicious as an art thief bent on acquiring a Cellini nude, and Peter O'Toole as an elegant detective who becomes her partner in crime. (Col. 123 min.) **Rialto,** Coventry Street. GER 3488. 1.18, 3.44, 6.10, 8.36. Sat only: 11.33 pm. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier, the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) **Casino,** Old Compton Street. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40. Sun: 3.28, 5.57, 8.27

THE LIQUIDATOR (A). Chicken-hearted assassin hires another to do his killing. The low-comedy dialogue gives Rod Taylor and Trevor Howard little chance, and the girls are woefully weak. (Col. 104 min.) **Ritz,** Leicester Square. GER 1234. 12.30, 2.40, 4.50, 7.0, 9.10. Sat only: 11.36 pm. Sun: 2.30, 4.40, 6.50, 9.0

THE LOVE CAGE (X). Playboy on the run from gangsters holes up in a bizarre mansion where he becomes entangled with the two female inhabitants. Some distinctive touches, but very slow. (Alain Delon, Jane Fonda, Lola Albright. 97 min.) **Jacey,** Marble Arch. MAY 6396

MY FAIR LADY (U). Rex Harrison carries the film along in commanding style, with Audrey Hepburn as a spirited though rather inadequate Liza. Great vitality but played just a little too safe. (Stanley Holloway. Col. 185 min.) **Studio One,** Oxford Street. GER 3300. 1.0, 4.30, 8.0. Sun: 3.40, 7.0

NOT WITH MY WIFE, YOU DON'T! (A). Virna Lisi, George C Scott and Tony Curtis comprise a conventional triangular situation in a rather mediocre marital comedy, which relies rather too heavily on the comic framework. (Dir: Norman Panama. Col. 118 min.) **Warner,** Leicester Square. GER 3423

THE PAWNBROKER (X). Sol Nazerman, a pawnbroker, owns a seedy little shop and is haunted by the memory of the time he spent in a concentration camp. Rod Steiger, in a remarkable performance, gives the film some ring of truth. (Geraldine Fitzgerald. 115 min.) **Odeon Haymarket.** WHI 2738. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.15, 8.15. Sun: 4.30, 8.0. Ends 7 Dec

THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM (A). Low-key thriller, with George Segal well-cast as a lone-wolf operator combating resurgent Nazi groups in Berlin. Drily ironic script by Harold Pinter. (Max von Sydow, Alec Guinness, Senta Berger. Col. 103 min.) **Odeon Leicester Square.** WHI 6111

ROMEO AND JULIET (U). A straightforward record of Kenneth MacMillan's ballet, with music by Prokofiev, featuring Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. Magnificent costumes and settings. (Col. 126 min.) **Astoria,** Charing Cross Road. GER 5385. 3.0, 8.15. Sun: 4.30, 7.45. Ends 1 Jan

THE ROUND-UP (X). An austere and visually arresting Hungarian film, set after a popular uprising against the Hapsburgs in the 19th century, in a deserted prison camp in the middle of a Hungarian plain. (János Görbe, Tibor Molnar. 94 min.) With: *Nine Days in One Year* (U). **Academy One,** Oxford Street. GER 2981. 2.30, 6.0, 9.30. Sun: 5.55, 9.25

SECONDS (X). Nightmare thriller telling of a middle-aged man, who seeks the services of a mysterious business organisation for the rejuvenation of the old. Some remarkable visual effects by photographer James Wong Howe but a laborious mid-section dissipates earlier suspense. (Rock Hudson, John Randolph. 100 min.) **Plaza,** Piccadilly Circus. WHI 8944. 1.23, 3.48, 6.18, 8.48. Sat only: 11.9 pm. Sun: 3.8, 5.38, 8.18. Ends 23 Nov

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of children and singing nuns. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood and Julie Andrews an other wholesome governess. (Co Todd-AO. 170 min.) **Dominion,** Tottenham Court Road. MUS 217 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

1,000 CLOWNS (A). Jason Robards plays a sensitive writer trying to escape from the hypocrisy of television career, and Barbara Harris gives a delicious performance as a young social worker with who he becomes involved. (Martin Balsam. 117 min.) With: *The Railrodder* (U). **Academy Two,** Oxford Street. GER 5129. Pgm: 12.55, 3.25, 6.0, 8.40. Sun: 5.30, 8.10

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). A middle-aged couple engage in violent, utterly destructive quarrels in which they ruthlessly tear at one another's weaknesses. Well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (132 min.) **Curzon,** Curzon Street. GRO 3737. 12 50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.35. Fri and Sat only: 11 pm. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10. (Check with cinema)

GENERAL RELEASE

* Sunday programmes differ
† Check with cinema

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

(A jump in sequence indicates a late programme change)

Baker Street Classic. 18, 25.
Belmont Essoldo. 7, 34.
Brentwood Odeon. 7.
Brixton Classic. 6, 45.
***Brixton Granada.** 2, 34.
Bromley Odeon. 22.
***Camberwell Grand.** 33, 40.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 21.
Chelsea Classic. 35, 48.
Chelsea Essoldo. 17, 37.
Croydon Classic. 15.
Dalston Classic. 39, 46.
Deptford Odeon. 44.
Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman. 9.
East Ham Granada. 34.
Edgware Road ABC. 51.
†**Edgware Road Gala Royal.** 43.
Eltham Hill Gaumont. 22.
Finchley Rex. 41.
Finsbury Park Astoria. 8.
Fulham Road ABC. 51.
Golders Green Ionic. 17, 23.
Hackney Essoldo. 4, 33.
Hampstead Classic. 7.
Hampstead Everyman. 28, 29.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 47.
Haverstock Hill Odeon. 22.
Hendon Gala. 32, 37.
Hendon Gaumont. 48.
Kilburn Classic. 30.
Kilburn Grange. 23.
Kingston Odeon. 22.
Morden Odeon. 48.
Notting Hill Classic. 13, 26.
Notting Hill Gaumont. 3.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 12.
Piccadilly Jacey. 24.
Praed Street Classic. 16.
Queensbury Essoldo. 48, 49.
Raynes Park Rialto. 10, 50.
South Harrow Odeon. 38.
Southall Odeon. 17.
Southfields Plaza. 7, 44.
***Stockwell Classic.** 20.
Stepney Odeon. 40.
Stoke Newington Coliseum. 8, 17.
Tooting Astoria. 19, 34.
Tooting Classic. 11.
Twickenham Odeon. 44.
***Victoria Biograph.** 5, 42.
Victoria Cameo. 1, 31.
Waterloo Station Classic. 30.
Watford Carlton. 48.
†**Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre.** 27, 36.

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: BEAU GESTE (A). The old P C Wren story of the Foreign Legion, adapted once more on to film, but having lost most of its former charm. Beau, and his brother John, are no longer English, but American, and the accent is on the savagery of the sergeant enthusiastically played by Telly Savalas. Only a muzzily-coloured shadow of the original. (Guy Stockwell – *above* – Doug McClure. Dir: Douglas Heyes. Col. 104 min.) With: **Madame X** (A). Ends Th 24 Nov

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY? (A). A hilarious comedy. A war-weary company of GIs are detailed to take a small town in Sicily, but difficulties arise with the inhabitants' all-too-willing surrender, accompanied by festivities. Dick Shawn, as the captain, and James Coburn, his lieutenant, give thoroughly agreeable performances. (Sergio Fantoni, Giovanna Ralli, Harry Morgan – *above*. Col. 114 min.) With **The Boy Cried Murder** (A). Ends Th 24 Nov

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: WHERE THE BULLETS FLY (A). Another secret-agent thriller, with the accent on tongue-in-cheek humour. Charles Vine follows an international organisation, dealing in stolen secrets, led by the sinister Angel. Directed by John Gilling, with Tom Adams as Vine. (Dawn Addams, Sidney James, Wilfrid Brambell, Suzan Farmer – *above*. Dir: John Gilling. Col. 90 min.) With: **Night Of The Grizzly** (U). Ends Th 24 Nov

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THE NAKED PREY (A). An American-South African co-production, directed by Cornel Wilde, in which he plays a hunter in 1849, on the run from vengeful natives, without weapons or food. A kind of Robinson Crusoe adventure story in the veldt, with more than its fair share of blood and excitability. It doesn't always come off, but it's unusual and well worth a visit. (Bella Randels – *above* – Ken Gampu. Col. 95 min.) With: **Red Line 7,000** (A). Ends Th 24 Nov

ADVENTURE

1 **Attila the Hun** (U). Anthony Quinn. Sun. four days: Victoria Cameo

2 **Batman** (U). J Carroll Naish. Mon, five days: Brixton Granada

3 **Cleopatra** (A). Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison. Fri, seven days: Notting Hill Gaumont

4 **Cossacks** (U). Edmund Purdom. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo

5 **Kingdom of Violence** (A). Mark Damon. Mon, three days: Victoria Biograph

6 **North-West Frontier** (U). Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall. Fri, three days: Brixton Classic

7 **The Trap** (A). Rita Tushingham, Oliver Reed. Until Sat: Belmont Essoldo, Southfields Plaza. Fri, seven days: Brentwood Odeon, Hampstead Classic

COMEDIES

8 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. Fri, seven days: Finsbury Park Astoria. Sun, seven days: Stoke Newington Coliseum

9 **Bourse et la Vie** (U). Fernandel. Drayton Gardens Paris-Pullman

10 **Carry On Screaming** (A). Harry H Corbett. Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto

11 **Carry On Spying** (A). Kenneth Williams, Barbara Windsor. Fri, seven days: Tooting Classic. With: The League of Gentlemen (A)

12 **Crazy Paradise** (X). Lotte Tarp, Ghita Norby. Oxford Street Cinephone

13 **Dear John** (X). Jarl Kulle, Christina Schollin. Fri, seven days: Notting Hill Classic

15 **How to Murder Your Wife** (A). Jack Lemmon. Virna Lisi. Fri, seven days: Croydon Classic

16 **The Pink Panther** (A). Peter Sellers. Fri, seven days: Praed Street Classic.

DOCUMENTARY

17 **Goal! World Cup 1966** (U). Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo, Golders Green Ionic, Stoke Newington Coliseum. Fri, seven days: Southall Odeon

18 **The War Game** (X). Fri, seven days: Baker Street Classic. With: Four in the Morning (X). Late show Sat 11.15 pm

DRAMA

19 **Cul-de-Sac** (X). Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac. Sun, six days (not Tues): Tooting Astoria

20 **Exodus** (A). Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint. Fri, six days (not Sun): Stockwell Classic

21 **Gift** (X). Soren Stromberg, Sisse Reingaard. Charing Cross Road Jacey

22 **The Group** (X). Elizabeth Hartman, Shirley Knight. Fri, seven days. Bromley Odeon, Eltham Hill Gaumont, Haverstock Hill Odeon, Kingston Odeon

23 **The Hill** (X). Sean Connery. Fri, seven days: Kilburn Grange. Sun, seven days: Golders Green Ionic. With: Butterfield 8 (X)

24 **The Horrible Profession** (X). Dany Robin. Piccadilly Jacey

25 **Kanal** (X). Tadeusz Janczar, Teresa Isewka. Fri 18 Nov only, 11.15 pm: Baker Street Classic

26 **Last Year in Marienbad** (U). Delphine Seyrig. Fri 18 Nov only, 11.15 pm. Notting Hill Classic

27 **Lilith** (X). Jean Seberg, Warren Beatty. Until Sat: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

28 **Lord of the Flies** (X). James Aubrey. Mon, seven days: Hampstead Everyman

29 **Of a Thousand Delights** (X). Claudia Cardinale, Jean Sorel. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

30 **Phaedra** (X). Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins. Fri, seven days: Kilburn Classic, Waterloo Station Classic

31 **Richard III** (U). Laurence Olivier. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

32 **Seduction of Julia** (A). Lilli Palmer, Charles Boyer. Sun, seven days: Hendon Gala

33 **The Spiral Road** (A). Rock Hudson, Burl Ives. Sun: three days: Hackney Essoldo. Mon, three days: Camberwell Grand

34 **Suddenly, Last Summer** (X). Elizabeth Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Montgomery Clift. Until Fri: Brixton Granada. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. Sat, six days: East Ham Granada. Sun, six days (not Mon): Belmont Essoldo

35 **Vivre Sa Vie** (X). Anna Karina. Fri 18 Nov only, 11.15 pm: Chelsea Classic

36 **War and Peace** (U). Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer. Sun, seven days: Westbourne Grove International Film Theatre

37 **Who Wants to Sleep?** (X). Catherine Deneuve, Gert Frobe. Until Sat: Hendon Gala. Sun, seven days: Chelsea Essoldo

HORROR

38 **The Black Scorpion** (X). Richard Denning. Fri, seven days: South Harrow Odeon. With: Macabre (X)

39 **King Kong** (A). Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray. Fri, three days: Dalston Classic

40 **The Projected Man** (X). Bryant Haliday, Mary Peach. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. Fri, three days: Stepney Odeon

THRILLERS

41 **Arabesque** (A). Sophia Loren, Gregory Peck. Fri, seven days: Finchley Rex

42 **The Dreaded Mafia** (X). Frank Wolff, Cesaro Fernando. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph

43 **Shadow of Evil** (U). Kerwin Mathews, Pier Angeli. Edgware Road Gala Royal

WAR

44 **Battle of the Bulge** (A). Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. Fri, seven days: Deptford Odeon, Twickenham Odeon. Sun, six days (not Tues): Southfields Plaza

45 **To Hell and Back** (A). Audie Murphy, Jack Kelly. Mon, four days: Brixton Classic

46 **What Price Glory?** (A). James Cagney, Dan Dailey. Mon, four days: Dalston Classic

WESTERNS

47 **Cat Ballou** (A). Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin. Fri, seven days: Harrow Road Prince of Wales

48 **The Magnificent Seven** (U). Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen. Fri, seven days: Hendon Gaumont, Watford Carlton, Chelsea Classic, Morden Odeon. Sun, six days (not Wed): Queensbury Essoldo. With: Sergeants Three (U). (Except Chelsea)

49 **A Pistol for Ringo** (A). Montgomery Wood. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo

50 **The Rare Breed** (U). James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara. Sun, seven days: Raynes Park Rialto

PRE-RELEASE

51 **This Property is Condemned** (X). Natalie Wood. Fri, seven days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: The Psychopath (X)

FILMS IN FLIGHT

AIR FRANCE. To New York. Until 22 Nov: Stagecoach. From 23 Nov: Our Man Flint. **To Los Angeles and Montreal.** Until 22 Nov: Riffi in Paris. From 23 Nov: Stagecoach. **To Washington.** Until 22 Nov: Marriage on the Rocks. From 23 Nov: Riffi in Paris
PAN-AM. Eastbound. Until 30 Nov: Alvarez Kelly. **Westbound.** Until 30 Nov: The Sleeping Car Murders
TWA. All flights. Until 18 Nov: The Appaloosa (Southwest to Sonora). From 19 Nov: The Liquidator

MAKE A DATE

FRIDAY 25 NOVEMBER

Concert: Bach's B Minor Mass. Jacques Orchestra. Conductor: David Willcocks. Festival Hall. 8 pm.

SATURDAY 26 NOVEMBER

International dance festival: Organised by Society for International Folk Dancing. Royal Albert Hall. 2.30 and 7.30 pm.
Concert: Jazz at the Philharmonic. Those taking part include Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Simms and T-Bone Walker. Festival Hall. 6.15 and 9 pm.
Exhibition: Retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings by L S Lowry. Tate Gallery (till 15 January).

SUNDAY 27 NOVEMBER

Concert: Vienna Boys' Choir. Royal Albert Hall. 7.30 pm.

TUESDAY 29 NOVEMBER

Opera: World première of *The Violins of Saint-Jacques* – Williamson. Conductor: Vilem Tausky. Sadler's Wells Theatre. 7 pm.

WEDNESDAY 7 DECEMBER

Film: Gala charity première of *Is Paris Burning?* All-star cast includes Orson Welles. In aid of Newspaper Fund. Plaza.
Sale: Important sale of Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings and sculpture including works by Pissarro, Degas, Forain, Monet, Gauguin, Bonnard and Picasso. Sotheby's. 11 am.
Concert: *Messiah*, by the Henry Wood Concert Society. Royal Albert Hall. 7.30 pm.

THURSDAY 8 DECEMBER

Film: World première of new Cliff Richard musical, *Finders Keepers*. Odeon, Leicester Square.

WEDNESDAY 14 DECEMBER

Film: Gala première of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, starring Zero Mostel, Buster Keaton. Directed by Richard Lester. Odeon, Marble Arch (reopening for this film).

THURSDAY 15 DECEMBER

Opera: *Benvenuto Cellini* – Berlioz. First performance of new production. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

SUNDAY 18 DECEMBER

Carol concert: The Bach Choir with the Jacques Orchestra giving a performance of family carols. Royal Albert Hall. 2.30 pm.

TUESDAY 27 DECEMBER

Exhibition: *Daily Mail* Schoolboys' and Girls' Exhibition. Olympia (till January 10).

MONDAY 2 JANUARY

Film: Charity première of *Hawaii*, with Julie Andrews, Max von Sydow. Astoria, Charing Cross Road.

THURSDAY 5 JANUARY

Film: World charity première of *A Countess from Hong Kong*. Directed by Charles Chaplin and starring Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando. In aid of the Institute of Ophthalmology's *Fight for Sight* campaign. Carlton, Haymarket.

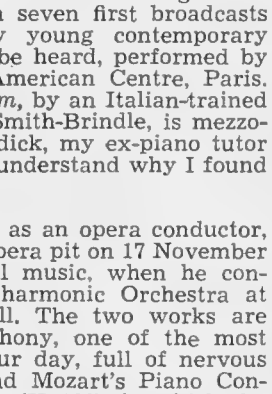
MUSIC

THE KNELLER HALL TRUMPETERS will open the Royal Concert for the Festival of St Cecilia at the Royal Albert Hall on 22 November. Taking part will be the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conductor Constantin Silvestri, with John Ogden in Rachmaninov's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, and soprano Elizabeth Harwood in Glière's *Concerto for Soprano and Orchestra*. Given in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the concert will include works by Bruckner, Palestrina, Britten and Enesco.

In the BBC Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Festival Hall on 23 November, there is a decided Netherlands influence afoot . . . conductor Bernard Haitink, Erna Spoorenberg and Aafje Heynis are all Dutch. Miss Spoorenberg, born in Indonesia, is now established as one of the foremost sopranos of her country. Miss Heynis (above), *a contralto, is famous for her recordings of British folk songs.*

It's a night of firsts on the Third Programme on 17 November, when seven first broadcasts of chamber works by young contemporary Italian composers will be heard, performed by the Ensemble of the American Centre, Paris. Soloist in *Genesis Dream*, by an Italian-trained Englishman, Reginald Smith-Brindle, is mezzo-soprano Josephine Nendick, my ex-piano tutor who was never able to understand why I found Beethoven so difficult.

Probably best known as an opera conductor, Georg Solti leaves his opera pit on 17 November and turns to orchestral music, when he conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall. The two works are Stravinsky's last symphony, one of the most brutally rhythmic of our day, full of nervous energy and tension; and Mozart's Piano Concerto No 20 in D minor (K 466), in which the celebrated Austrian pianist, Paul Badura-Skoda, is soloist. Now 39, Badura-Skoda passed his final examinations as a pianist-conductor at 21.



Surrendering to Delilah's flattery in Saint-Saëns's popular opera, Samson and Delilah *(*Softly Awakes My Heart *is the most famous number in the score), Samson tells her that the secret of his strength lies in his hair. Then she summons the Philistines and our hero is shorn. In the Sadler's Wells revival, the name parts are taken by Ronald Dowd and Ann Howard* (right).

"The sounds correspond to imperfections on the paper upon which the music was written" . . . this is how the programme note described John Cage's *Music for Piano 4-48*, when Merce Cunningham and his *avant-garde* dance company visited London in 1964. The company plans to shock London again, when it returns for a 10-day season at the Saville Theatre, from 23 November. Can the whole affair be taken seriously? What would you make of a gyratory exercise, called *Crises*, whose synopsis explains: "When two people are together, they are bound not only by invisible ties, but by actual elastic bands." Sort that one out.

ian woodward

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 17 Nov: London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Georg Solti. Soloist: Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. 8.0
Sun 20 Nov: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. Soloist: David Oistrakh, violin. 7.30
M 21 Nov: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Alfred Wallenstein. Soloist: Gary Graffman, piano. 8.0
T 22 Nov: London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Georg Solti. 8.0
W 23 Nov: BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus and Choral Society. Conductor: Bernard Haitink. Soloists: Erna Spoorenberg, Aafje Heynis. 8.0

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7 (KEN 8212). Sat 19 Nov: Pontin's Grand Reunion, with Ronnie Aldrich and the Squadronaires. 7.0
T 22 Nov: The Royal Concert. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Constantin Silvestri. Kneller Hall Trumpeters, The Treorchy Male Choir. Soloists: Elizabeth Harwood, John Ogden. 8.0

ODEON CINEMA, Swiss Cottage, NW3 (PRI 3424). Sun 20 Nov: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Alfred Wallenstein. 7.30

FAIRFIELD HALL, Park Lane, Croydon (CRO 9291). Sat 19 Nov: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Istvan Kertesz. 7.45.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Sat 19, T 22 Nov: SIMON BOCCANEGRA (in Italian). Conductor: Downes. Principals: Shaw, Santunione Cioni. 7.0
W 23 Nov: LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, Mozart (in Italian) Conductor: Davis. Principals: Nordin, Carlyle Malagù, Evans, Ruzdjak. 7.0

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC (TER 1672). Th 17 Nov: THE THIEVING MAGPIE, Rossin. Conductor: Balkwill. Principals: Wilson, Kern, Robson, Browne, Delaney, Fryatt, Singleton. 7.30
F 18 Nov: THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, Stravinsky. Conductor Balkwill. Principals: Thomson, Coates, Sinclair, Belcourt, Young, Herincx, Blackburn. 7.30
Sat 19 Nov: MADAM BUTTERFLY, Puccini. Conductor: Faris. Principals: Robinson, Sarti, Delaney, J Andrew Dowling, Easton. 7.30

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). F 18 Nov: SERENADE, Tchaikovsky/Balanchine APOLLON MUSAGETE, Stravinsky/Balanchine. THE RIT OF SPRING, Stravinsky/Balanchine. Conductors: Lanchbery, Young. Principals: Beriosova, MacLeary, Parkinson, Jenner, Page, Rosson, Bergsma. 7.30
M 21 Nov: PETRUSHKA, Stravinsky/Benois/Fokine APOLLON MUSAGETE, Stravinsky/Balanchine. THE RITE O SPRING, Stravinsky/Balanchine. Conductor: Lanchbery. Principals: Grant, Penney, Rosson, Parkinson Bergsma, Mason. 7.30

RECITALS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). F 18 Nov: Hermann Prey, baritone, Karl Engel piano. 8.0
Sat 19 Nov: Borodin String Quartet. 8.0
Sun 20 Nov: Christoph Eschenbach, piano. 3.0
W 23 Nov: Gillian Weir, organ. 5.55

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 17 Nov: Alberni String Quartet with Gwenneth Pryor, piano. 7.30
F 18 Nov: Wilfred Voguet, piano. 7.30
Sat 19 Nov: Toshiya Eto, violin, Ernest Lush, piano 3.0. Pedro Soler, flamenco guitar. 7.30
Sun 20 Nov: Detlef Kraus, piano. 3.0

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, WC1 (CHA 8032) Sun 20 Nov: English String Quartet. 6.30

JAZZ/POPULAR

BLAISE'S, 121 Queens Gate. Th 17 Nov: Herbie Goins and the Night Timers
T 22 Nov: Ben E King

STREATHAM LOCARNO. Th 17 Nov: The Searchers

ROYAL ALBERT HALL. F 18 Nov: Jacques Brel. 7.30
Sun 20 Nov: Jacques Loussier Trio. 7.30 pm

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S, 13 Masons Yard, Duke Street. F 18 Nov: The Impressions

JAZZ SHOWS JAZZ CLUB, 100 Oxford Street. F 18 Nov: Willie-the-Lion Smith, with Charlie Galbraith's All Stars

FAIRFIELD HALL, CROYDON. W 23 Nov: Julie Felix. 7.45 pm

EALING TOWN HALL. W 23 Nov: Spanish Folk Music. Rafael Sevilla and his Baile Tipica Español. 7.45 pm

COMMENT

Serious composers who write anything so old-fashioned as a tune these days are liable to attract lofty disdain from the critics. Perhaps that's one reason why so few of them try. One of the few is Malcolm Williamson, a 35-year-old Australian who came to Britain in 1953 and now stands unquestionably in the forefront of our younger composers. This month (29 November) his latest opera, *The Violins of Saint-Jacques* (his sixth in four years), will have its première at Sadler's Wells.

The setting is a ghostly volcanic island which emerges from the Caribbean to disclose a smouldering sexual tangle, played out to voodoo dances and the festivities of Mardi Gras. Conventional arias, ballet sequences and atmospheric music are, says the composer, linked in a vaguely "symphonic" relationship. But, he adds: "Frankly, I hope this *won't* be immediately apparent – consciously, anyway. I want people to be entertained, not sit there working out a blueprint."

Williamson, a versatile as well as remarkably prolific musician (he is also a brilliant pianist and organist), is inclined to be defensive about his unfashionably popular idiom. Faced with disparaging comments about his fondness for "the big tune," his attitude is understandable. "Why on earth," he asks, explosively for him, "*should* one resist the 'lure of the big tune'? Far from suppressing one's melodic invention, I would have thought the thing to do is to explore and improve it."

His contention, that meaningful tonal music is far more difficult to write today than "serial," is based on inside knowledge of both camps. As a 22-year-old, he studied 12-tone technique with Elizabeth Lutyens and wrote three works in this form before rejecting it for good. "Technically," he maintains, "it was a very useful experience. When you first come to serialism as a composer, it's thrilling. It's when you sit at the back of a concert hall and *listen* to the stuff that you realise how grey it can be. I went through the fiery furnace and came out on the other side."

While greatly admiring some serialist colleagues like Richard Rodney Bennett and Boulez, Williamson is convinced that others ("the Manchester school") are concerned chiefly with "wilful complexity." He says: "I am not condemning an entire system and I am not turning my back on today. I am simply doing what I know is best for me. It's the only way."

richard last

CLASSICAL RECORDS

No matter what one's reaction is to the coloratura soprano, one must be grateful that the presence of such voices means that we can hear works such as **Semiramide**, (mono MET 317-9) for brilliant voices. There was a famous revival at La Scala in Milan in 1962, mounted for the first time there since 1881. Joan Sutherland takes the title role here.

During the 1950s Maria Callas did much to widen our knowledge, not only of serious operas by Spontini, Cherubini and Gluck, but also of lighter pieces (like *Il Turco in Italia*) that demand particularly outstanding vocal techniques. Joan Sutherland has been treading the Callas route over the last few years, but including other unfamiliar operas suitable for her particularly high and agile voice. *Semiramide* is one of these. Miss Sutherland has been top international soprano for seven years now; to her basic qualities of agility and ability to place intelligent decoration on the vocal line, she has added more dramatic depth and colouring.

In this performance Sutherland is, if not eclipsed, certainly equalled by the American soprano Marilyn Horne. Her voice thrills me more than Sutherland's; it is darker in quality and used with true dramatic power. The part is written for a lower voice and curiously Miss Horne occasionally sounds like a real tenor: she can match Sutherland *roulade* for *roulade*.

roger baker

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RICK DANE ON DISCS

Donovan – Sunshine Superman (Pye). Believed by many to be a second-rate Bob Dylan, Donovan has come into his own with this wonderful, warm record. A definite break from the ban-the-bomb bit, it's already been No. 1 in the USA. The song is expressed in a most beautiful, lyrical way, with a quality which stands out from all the other current sounds. I have nothing but praise for *Superman*. Deserves to be tops.

●

Sonny and Cher – Living For You (Atlantic). Sonny and Cher still living for each other – nice to know, but does it make hit material? I wish they didn't adore each other so much, and did something different. Typical Sonny sound, but this time over-produced, everything from Spector to Wilson with a dash of Oldham. Cher's exciting vocal spoilt by some unnecessary Country and Western fiddling, turning the whole thing into a barn dance. Striking enough, nevertheless, to be a hit.

●

Martha and the Vandellas – I'm Ready for Love (Tamla Motown). Martha and the Vandellas have a raving, hand-clapping, finger-snapping, cherry-centred hit with *Ready for Love*. Martha (*below*) attacks the opening with a crunch, like a mod dolly closing her new eyelashes. The arrangement's similar to the Supremes' *You Can't Hurry Love*, with a fuller choral and string section.

The Small Faces – My Mind's Eye (Decca). Disappointing in that it leads nowhere and rather tapers off, but this could be part of its charm. Lacking initial impact, it's a new kind of music from the Faces – progressive in its way. A group deserving of their success, and I hope it's a smash hit for them.

ALBUM SPOTLIGHT: The Beach Boys – *The Best of the Beach Boys* (Capitol LP). Released to coincide with The Beach Boys' European tour, this is an album which contains all their greatest hits. Interesting album, as it's possible to trace their musical development through their hits, from the basic surf days—*Surfin, Safari* and *Fun, Fun, Fun*—to the beginnings of their intricate harmonies on *I Get Around* and *Help Me Rhonda*. The final track, *God Only Knows*, is musically just behind *Good Vibrations*, their current hit single.

●

DISCOTHEQUE TEN

1 *Good Vibrations* – Beach Boys
2 *Reach Out, I'll Be There* – Four Tops
3 *Beauty Is Only Skin Deep* – Temptations
4 *Holy Cow* – Lee Dorsey
5 *Semi-detached Suburban Mr James* – Manfred Mann
6 *Gimme Some Loving* – Spencer Davis Group
7 *If I Were A Carpenter* – Bobby Darin
8 *I Said I Wasn't Gonna Tell Nobody* – Sam and Dave
9 *Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa (Sad Song)* – Otis Redding
10 *A Love Like Yours* – Ike and Tina Turner

GALLERIES

Perhaps because artists stare at things so much they get the feeling that things are staring back at them. Mild paranoia is an occupational hazard of an artist, though rarely does it take such a hold on a personality as to cripple a performance.

But, at certain times of life or certain phases of development in a career, there seems a strong tendency to imagine the source of their troubles as something lying outside themselves. Then they are tempted to join other discontents – those people who don't like the idea of art in any case – and shout about the whole art world being a racket and a collusion. They should remember that the philistines are not "over there," but right alongside us in the art society.

Anyone who actually meets dealers, for example, could hardly imagine that any two of those individualistic personalities could sustain concerted action. I am not saying there are no faults, or that idiocy and falsity do not exist in the commercial establishment, but I do think there is a case for reminding the cynical of the moral of the beam and the mote.

The January exhibition of the 18th century caricaturist Gillray at the Arts Council should remind lawyers, politicians and royalty what an easy time they have now.

Possibly the most difficult and frustrating time for an artist is his first year after art school: the freedom which is no freedom, but is responsibility for one's own mistakes. It is a disrupting experience, if one has not been properly taught – and difficult even if one has.

The exhibition that the ICA holds each year around this time for four or five young artists seems to me a most practical and generous idea. Enough work from each is shown to indicate personality, not too much to strain their resources. What is shown is felt, and, of course, must stand by itself, without the prop of that fatuous title *Young Contemporaries*.

But it is not only the youngest generation which has difficulties and views the world askance. Nearby in Berkeley Street four artists who have persisted in their own ways are taking advantage of a different kind of patronage and showing their work in the showroom of TNA Research Group, both to invited industralists and (rather briefly) to the public. Both shows have more in common than – I would be prepared to bet – either would wish to admit.

keith sutton

Above, left: "Triangulated surface in space," by Max Bill at Hanover. Above right: Still Life by Juan Sanchez Cotan at Hallsborough. Bottom left: "Terrains accidentés des environs de Saint-Lo," by Corot at Lefevre. Bottom right: "Portrait of a Bearded Man," by H Holbein the Elder at Hallsborough.

OPENING

WILLIAM HUGGINS (1820-1884), Oscar and Peter Johnson, Cadogan Place, SW1. BEL 6464. Oils and pastels of animals. 23 Nov-9 Dec. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

FRANCIS KELLY, John Whibley, 60 George Street, W1. WEL 5651. Oils of India and Ceylon. 22 Nov-10 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

KUJAWSKY, Tama, 65 Pimlico Road, SW1. SLO 1664. 22 Nov-11 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

L S LOWRY, Tate, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. Retrospective 1906 to present day. 26 Nov-15 Jan. M-Sat 10-6, Sun 2-6, T and Th 10-8. Admission 3s 6d

CLAES OLDENBURG, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Objects. 22 Nov-31 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

PIERRE PRINS (1838-1913), Madden, 77 Duke Street, W1. HYD 5854. 17 Nov-7 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1, Sun 10-6

THE QUEEN'S GALLERY, Buckingham Palace, SW1. Animal paintings – Van Dyck to Nolan. 19 Nov onwards. Daily, except Mon: 11-5, Suns: 2-5. Adm 2s 6d, students 1s 6d

BRIAN ROBINS, Grosvenor, 30 Davies Street, W1. MAY 0891. New Structures. 29 Nov-31 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

CECIL STEVENSON AND KATHLEEN GOTHRIE, Drian, 5/7 Porchester Place, W2. PAD 9473. Stevenson memorial, Gothrie retrospective. 22 Nov-23 Dec. Daily 10-6

TAKIS, Indica, Mason's Yard, St James, SW1. WHI 1424. Magnetic Sculpture and White Signals 1966. 25 Nov-31 Dec. M-F 10-7, Sat 10-5.30

CURRENT

IVOR ABRAHAMS, MICHAEL CHILTON, MICHAEL SANDLE, Grabowski, 84 Sloane Avenue, London, SW3. KEN 1858. Sculpture; construction. Until 4 Dec. Daily 10-6

ARTS COUNCIL, 4 St James Square, SW1. WHI 9737. Six Swedish painters. Until 10 Dec. M-Sat 10-6, T and Th 10-8

MAX BILL, Hanover, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. Paintings and sculpture. Until 22 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

BROD GALLERY, 24 James Street, SW1. Tel 839-3871. New premises. Old Master paintings. Until Christmas. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

ANTONY DONALDSON, Rowan, 25a Lowndes Street, W1. BEL 3490. Until 1 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, Tryon, 42 Dover Street, W1. HYD 5161. Photographs of birds and animals from world tours. Until 10 Dec. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 10-1

GIMPEL FILS, 50 South Molton Street, W1. MAY 3720. Homage to René Gimpel. Until 26 Nov. M-F 10-5.45, Sat 10-1

JOHN GOLDING AND CHARLES PERRY, Axiom, 79 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W1. HYD 6646. Painting and sculpture. Until 30 Nov. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

HEIM GALLERY, 59 Jermyn Street, SW1. HYD 0688. Winter exhibition: major Spanish works. Until 21 Dec. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Five young artists: Ann Clarke, Tom Edmonds, Bruce McLean, Barry Martin, John Whitaker. Also Pravoslav Sovlak in library – graphics. Until 3 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

KANDINSKY, Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Paintings and drawings. Until 15 Jan. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

BRIAN KOETSER, 38 Duke Street, St James, SW1. WHI 6309. Dutch, Flemish and Italian Old Masters. Until 16 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

LEFEVRE, 30 Bruton Street, W1. MAY 2250. Mixed French painters. Until 17 Dec. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-1

MARLBOROUGH NEW LONDON, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. New Marlborough prints. Until 13 Jan. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

MICHAEL MICHAELEDES, Hamilton, 8 St George Street, W1. HYD 3196. Paintings. Until 10 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

FELICIEN ROPS (1833-1898), Piccadilly, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 2875. Drawings and paintings. Until 3 Dec. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JEFFREY STEELE, McRoberts and Tunnard, 34 Curzon Street, W1. GRO 3811. Optical paintings. Until 3 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

FRANK STELLA, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Paintings and drawings. Until 3 Dec. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

BOOKS

Brigid Brophy's opinions are quoted and misquoted. They are often so original (such as: that men may be mothers and de Sade was a masochist, marriage is immoral and Kingsley Amis a Philistine) that, out of context, they are infuriating. A chance to digest at leisure the trenchant, witty, unkind, impassioned, well-informed thoughts of the writer *Time* called the new high priestess of the British intelligentsia is afforded this week by the publication of her collected views and reviews, *Don't Never Forget* (Cape, 38s).

She sees no conflict between her journalism and her "serious" writing – her journalism *is* her serious writing. Nor is there any more stress than the permanent shortage of time in being both novelist and critic. A writer will not be influenced by books he reads unless he is very short of ideas, and, if being a critic makes one more self-critical, she feels this is an excellent thing.

She herself is rigorously critical. "It's a sentimentality to think that criticism is destructive. If you are going to say that everything that is trying to be a work of art is beautiful, and that you may only try to see what is good in it, you are destroying art – and that is the most destructive thing you can do."

Major promotion in April from Secker and Warburg will be for John Barth's novel "Giles Goatboy."

She has what she calls "a terribly general standard" to judge things by. "I think there must be coherent and logical form, and that there must be decorative elements on this form: a trellis with roses on it, and not one without the other. A critic must try to give an impression of the atmosphere of a book. I think this is why it is useful to be a writer before being a critic. Then all you can do is to quote as freely as your space will allow, and say, 'I think this is bad, but you may think that it's good.' It's like democracy – anyone has the right to disagree. If I were the only critic in England I would certainly cease to practise criticism. One isn't even necessarily asking people not to read a book one criticises harshly."

She has savaged Henry Miller, Kingsley Amis and would like to add Saul Bellow to the list. "They are infinitely pretentious. If they had their way and were taken seriously, they would lead people to despise the work of genuine artists."

carole d'albiac

Brigid Brophy: her latest book includes her opinions on censorship and the position of women in society.

NON-FICTION

VICTORIANA by James Laver. Beautifully illustrated, compact volume by an expert – James Laver was for 40 years keeper at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The book easily bridges the gap between specialist knowledge – of costume, furniture, painting, pottery, jewellery, books, fans, posters, cards, toys – and serious social history. A book for collectors and for people who want to know what the word Victoriana really encompasses. Published by Ward Lock, 15 November, 30s

LIFE IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD by Nicholas Monsarrat. Volume I of the autobiography of the writer of *The Cruel Sea*. His provincial upbringing in Liverpool, the son of a successful surgeon; family holidays and sailing in Wales; public school – "a season in hell"; the gayer days of Cambridge. Finally, the decision to become a writer, setting off for London and "learning to write about anything, if necessary nothing," for 28s a week. Published by Cassell, 17 November, 42s

MEMORIES by C M Bowra, 1898-1939. Sir Maurice Bowra's memories are not so much of himself, as of people and events he feels are significant. He describes his childhood in China, 1903, to times in Petrograd before the revolution, his life on the Western Front in the First World War. Then the new generation after the war at Oxford, the key to the intellectual life of the 'twenties. Finally, Germany and Europe, just before the Second World War. Published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 17 November, 55s

THE ASTORS, a family chronicle, by Lucy Kavaler. Almost two hundred years in the life of the famous family, from 1874 when John Jacob Astor went to New York from Europe to make enough money in the fur trade and real estate to ensure that his descendants were millionaires, until the 1960s when death duties threaten to make them merely rich. Published by Harrap, 36s

THE SEINE by Anthony Glyn. The author describes a journey upstream, devotes a large section of the book to the river in Paris, then goes downstream. He describes the towns and villages on its banks, local lore, the bridges, castles, legends, painters, drains and suicides of the river he loves. Published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 17 November, 42s

FICTION

THE FRONTIERS OF THE SEA by Peter Ustinov. A second collection of short stories. The frontiers of the sea divide man from man, the Spanish fisherman, the Americans with their cult of mediocrity and defence, the English with their class system. Published by Heinemann, 14 November, 21s

THE HARD THORN by Renzo Rosso. Italian writer's first novel. Set in Trieste of the winter of 1945. A concert pianist returns from Vienna to the surroundings, memories and friends of his birthplace; his decline; a love affair with a young pupil. Published by Alan Ross, 21 November, 30s

THE INVESTIGATION by Peter Weiss. The Frankfurt War Trials rewritten but not invented. The witnesses have been softened into anonymity, the names of the defendants are only "symbols for a system." Published by Calder and Boyars, 17 November, 35s

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GOOD EATING

I regret to report that my favourite Kosher restaurant has taken to teabags with the Russian tea. The waiters say that we customers can now calculate precisely how weak or strong we want it – but that's only true if we remember to ask them to leave the bag in the saucer and not in the glass of hot water. Moreover, I am still sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that, even if that were sufficient explanation and excuse, tea from teabags doesn't taste as good as tea the other way.

At 1s 6d a glass (large glass, yes, but what's half a pint of hot water and a quarter lemon between friends?) I should like to see the stuff freshly made every so many minutes or per so many customers. Like they do at the Chinese Lantern in Thackeray Street, for instance.

And even if Blooms were right about everything to do with teabags, they would still be wrong. For having removed the soggy, leaf-filled, unbeautiful bag from the glass, where do we deposit the dripping object? In the saucer? Then the glass-holder gets wet and drips, too. In the ashtray? Huh! Back to the tea-pot, Mrs B.

Eavesdropping

Kosher restaurants invariably offer the best eavesdropping in any town. All that chopped liver I guess, or calves' foot jelly, helps to loosen the tongue.

I mean, where but in such a place as Folman's of Noel Street would you capture this interchange:

"Hymie! Somebody's just been talking to me about you."

Hymie looks up at his friend, shrugs and says: "That's funny. I don't owe anybody any money."

Only in Goody's of Berwick Street would you witness such a scene as this – true, true. I saw it myself recently: old boy asks younger man where he lives, and on being told *Angmering* states categorically that you spell it without a *g*. Younger man says, No. He lives there, so he should say so. The whole thing becomes a wild half-screaming match, with old boy flinging two fivers down (against opponent's single, he cries) on the spelling of Angmering. Younger man exclaims: "I won't take your money." But when it is more or less pushed down his throat – well, who can resist?

Good harvest

Next Thursday (24 November), America and Canada celebrate Thanksgiving Day and the Hilton's International Restaurant and London Tavern will be celebrating the original English pilgrims' good - harvest - and - peace - with - the - Indians thanksgiving of 1621 with a special four-course menu for lunch and dinner.

Among the old-time Yankee goodies (retailing at 47s 6d a head including coffee, children's portion 30s, plus 12½ per cent service charge, but no cover charge): Boston clam chowder, country chicken gumbo soup; roast Tom turkey with chestnut stuffing; harvest pumpkin pie; cocktail of jumbo shrimps; fresh mint sherbet; and "freshly gathered nuts and fruits."

Give HYD 8000 a ring and reserve your table at the Food and Beverage Office on extension 3018.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BOULESTIN, French, 25 Southampton Street, WC2 (TEM 7061). Mon-Fri: 12.30 pm-1.45 pm and 6 pm-10.45 pm. Average bill for two £6-£7. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners*

FUNG TSE YUAN, Chinese, 133 Wembley Park Road, Wembley (WEM 2391). Every day 11.30 am-3 pm and 6 pm-midnight. Three set menus at 25s, 30s and 35s, plus a number of celebrated set pieces. No credit cards, but LVs accepted

GEORGE AND VULTURE, English, George Yard, Lombard Street, EC3 (MAN 9710). Mon-Fri: noon-3 pm. Large selection of grills. Bill for two: £2 10s. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

KETTNERS, Swiss, Romilly Street, W1 (GER 3437). Lunch: noon-2.45 pm. Dinner: 6 pm-11.40 pm. (Suns 7 pm-10.40 pm). Family lunch, 25s, Sat and Sun. Bill for two: about £5. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

LA COLOMBINA D'ORO, Italian, 61 Dean Street, W1 (REG 4150, 6875). Open every day from 12-3 pm and 6 (Sundays 6.30) to 11.30 pm. Expect to pay about £4 for two. No credit cards

MAISON PRUNIER, 72 St. James's Street, SW1 (HYD 1373/4). Dinner and supper 5.45-11.30 pm. Open Sundays. Excellent fish restaurant. Very expensive, but pre-theatre supper (5.45-7 pm) only 27s 6d. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, Eurocard, American Express*

PARKES, International, 4 Beauchamp Place, SW3 (KEN 1390). Dinner only 7.30-11.30 pm. £3 for a four-course *table d'hôte* meal. Book in advance. No credit cards

RITZ, English, Piccadilly, W1 (HYD 8181). Open every day for lunch 12.45-3, and dinner 6.45-11. Conventional *haute cuisine* with some hefty portions of smoked salmon. Around £6 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *Eurocard*

VENDOME, fish, 20 Dover Street, W1 (MAY 5417). Sun-Fri: 12.30-2.30 pm. Mon-Fri: 6.30-11.15 pm. Sun: 7-10.15 pm. Closed Sat. Bill for two: £5-£6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Eurocard, Barclaycard*

AROUND TOWN

GOODY'S ORIGINAL KOSHER RESTAURANT, 55 Berwick Street, W1 (GER 6050). Monday to Friday from noon to 3 and 6 to 10 pm. Saturday from noon to 3 only. Sunday from noon to 4 pm for lunch (good) and 6 to 10 for dinner. You may find the prices a little higher here than in other Kosher restaurants. On the other hand there are linen napkins instead of paper ones, and a full selection of drinks including Palwin wines. Among the soups, I have always found the sweet, rich white giblets stew a great starter here. Main courses include carp in a *heimishe* style, served cold of course, and such favourites as top rib as well as salt beef. Sweets are a little too sweet for me—not just the honestly acknowledged tinned ones; but even fresh fruit salad and stewed apple were on the ultra-sugared side. Lemon tea: yes. I should point out that size of portions here is not always as reminiscent of home as at some other nosheries; and the *latkes* were a bit on the dry side the other day. Bill for two: about £3 without alcohol. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

FOLMAN'S, 24 Noel Street, W1 (GER 2250). Open from Sunday to Thursday from noon to 9, serving all day. Friday closing is around 4 p.m. or 4.30, depending on what time Shabbat starts. Closed all day Saturday, of course. Run strictly Kosher and under the personal supervision of Mr Folman himself who has been in the business 52 years, 30 of them in Noel Street. A large, somewhat cavernous place, much frequented by local robe and mantle makers. I like the hubbub of this place, which is not as slick as Bloom's, though little smaller. Kind-hearted waitresses serve the chopped herring, *lockshen* soup, stuffed this, new green that. At busy times you may well have to share a table with another pair of *freesers*, but it all makes for good, if earthy conversation. Bill for two: about 30s at most

KEBAB AND HOUMUS HOUSE, 95 Charlotte Street, W1 (MUS 3144). Open every day of the week for dinner from 6 to 11.30 (last orders) but lunches are Monday to Saturday only from 12 to 3 (last orders). A bubbling little family business, run by George Demetriou, together with his brother and his mother and his father . . . I like. If the occasional free-flying cagebird alarms, the bouzouki-style music soothes. I must add that here they seem to have got the noise level right. *Houmus* is a rough paste made with chick peas, garlic and that sort of thing, and here they do it nicely. *Taramosalata*, the cod's roe *pâté*, likewise Inexpensive *kebabs*. Greek sausages, stuffed vine leaves . . . including a sufficient quantity of *retsina*. I have dined four here at about 25s a head. Dishes of the day, *moussaka*, or lamb, may run bills a mite higher—say 25s or 30s each, including a half bottle of roughish Cyprus wine which I, at any rate, find enough. Turkish coffee: yes. No credit cards

BAKER AND OVEN, 10 Paddington Street, W1 (WEL 5072). 12-3; 6-12. There was a bake-oven here, so the name isn't quite as whimsical as it may at first seem. It is a pleasant, quite new cellar-restaurant with two beer and wine bars on the ground floor. In the basement one dines in alcoves under the road. Onion soup with *croutons* and fresh parsley is very good value at 3s 6d; the veal, ham and egg pie with fresh vegetables remarkable value at 7s. Steak and kidney pie much commended. In the wine bar you can get a glass of *Chambolle Musigny* for 3s, and the rolls are hot. Draught beers. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express, Barclaycard*

NIGHT OUT AND BEST BARS

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

ALLEGRO (WHI 6767), Bury Street, St James. 8.30 pm-2.30 am. Cabaret 12.30 am. Until Sat: Chester Harriott. Dinner about 47s 6d. Dancing to three bands

CHURCHILL'S (HYD 2626), 160 New Bond Street. 6 pm-3.30 am. No membership. Entrance charge covers late-night supper or breakfast. Two bands. Cabaret 11 pm and 1 am

DANNY LA RUE'S (GRO 4203), Hanover Square. 10.30 pm-4 am. Revue 1.15 am. Danny La Rue and Company in *Let's Get High*. Dinner about 35s, plus wine. Groups

THE LATIN QUARTER (GER 6001), 13 Wardour Street. 8 pm-3 am. Floor show 9.30 pm and 12.30 am. Currently: *Folie Caprice*. Dinner, dance and show about 55s

MURRAY'S CABARET CLUB (GER 4623 and 3241), Beak Street, Regent Street. 8 pm-4 am. Membership 30s. Entrance fee Floor show with 45 artistes at 10.15 pm and 1.15 am. Dinner about £2, plus wine. Dancing to two bands

OMAR KHAYYAM (CIT 2660 and 7363), 50 Cannon Street. 6 pm-2 am. Cabaret and belly-dancing 9.30 pm and midnight. Dinner about £2, plus wine. Trio

THE SOCIETY (REG 0565), 40 Jermyn Street. Bar opens 5.30 pm. Restaurant 7.30 pm-3.30 am. Cabaret at midnight. Currently: Maggie Sarragne. Dinner, dance and show from 30s Mon-Fri, 35s Sats

TALK OF THE TOWN (REG 5051), Hippodrome Corner, Leicester Square. Restaurant 8.15 pm to 1.15 am. Revue 9.30 pm. Cabaret 11 pm. Currently: Frankie Vaughan. Dinner, dance and show Mon-Fri 59s 6d. Sat 65s, plus drinks

DINNER & DANCE

ANNABEL'S (MAY 3558), 44 Berkeley Square. 6.30 pm until late. Membership 12 gns. Dinner-dancing £6-£7. Discothèque, late dining club

CHINA GARDEN (GER 6500 and 8189), 66 Brewer Street. 6 pm-1 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* dinner approximately 30s, plus wine. Cover charge, no service charge. Discothèque dancing from 7.30 pm. Licensed till 1 am

GATTOPARDO (WEL 4689), 29a James Street. 7 pm-3 am dinner about 50s inclusive. Closed Sun. Licence and dancing until 3 am

ROOF RESTAURANT (HYD 8000), Hilton Hotel, Park Lane. Bar 5.30-11 pm (Mon-Sat), 7-10.30 pm (Sun). Restaurant 7 pm-1 am. (closed Sun), £3-£4 inclusive. Dancing to Judd Solo's Band

SHORE'S (KNI 9571), 93 Old Brompton Road. 7 pm-3 am. Closed Sun. *A la carte* menu about 25s, plus wine. Dancing to Don Pedro and Don José

THE STABLE (FRO 1203), 123 Cromwell Road. 7 pm-2.30 am. Closed Sun. Cover charge. About £3 inclusive. Piano 8-10.30 pm, trio 10.30 pm-2.30 am

21 CLUB (GRO 3233), 8 Chesterfield Gardens. 7 pm-1 am. Membership 5 gns. Cabaret 10.30 pm. Dinner-dance, cabaret, 65s

VILLA DEI CESARI (TAT 7453 and VIC 9872), 135 Grosvenor Road. 7.30 pm-2.30 am. Closed Mon. About £2 10s-£3 inclusive. Two bands

DISCOTHEQUES

BLAISE'S (KEN 6228), 121 Queen's Gate. 9 pm-2.30 am. Membership 2 gns. Entrance fee. *A la carte* from 17s 6d. Different live group every night. Gaming

DOLLY'S (GRO 5927), 57 Jermyn Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Closed Sun. Membership 5 gns. Cover charge. Grills

DOWNSTAIRS (MAY 7777), May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street. 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance fee 10s (Sat £1) includes free snacks. Three bands

HADDY'S (FRE 9918), 158 Old Brompton Road. 8 pm-2 am. Closed Sun. No membership or entrance fee. Full restaurant. Min charge 21s. Average 30s, inc wine

THE PANDA BAR (TRA 3728), Chi-Chi, 25 Ryder Street, off St James Street. 6.30 pm-3.30 am. No membership. Restaurant and bar

SADDLE ROOM (GRO 4994), 7 Hamilton Place. 10 pm-5 am. Closed Sun. Membership 22s 6d (temporarily closed). Entrance fee, includes first drink. Short grills menu 15s-£1

SAMANTHA'S (734-5425), 3 New Burlington Street. 8 pm-3 am, inc Sun. Membership £1, entrance fee. Drinks at pub prices. Grills approximately 8s. Slot machine silent movies on the patio. Groups

SCOTCH OF ST JAMES'S (TRA 6109), 13 Masons Yard, Duke Street. 10 pm-4 am. Membership 5 gns. Entrance fee for guests. Grills about £1. Resident groups. Fri: the Impressions

SIBYLLA'S (REG 7447), 9 Swallow Street. 10.30 pm-4 am. Members only. Cover charge. Live groups every night

GAMING

CHARLIE CHESTER CASINO (GER 7045), Archer Street. Open 24 hours. Life membership 2 gns. Blackjack, Las Vegas dice and roulette. Licensed bar

CURZON HOUSE (HYD 3581), 20-23 Curzon Street. 8 pm till play ends. Membership 10 gns, prospective members vetted before joining. Bridge, blackjack, chemin de fer, gin rummy, kalooki, poker, roulette, baccarat, dice. Restaurant and bar

THE ESTABLISHMENT (GER 8111), 18 Greek Street. 11 pm until play ends. Membership 2 gns. Blackjack, poker and roulette. Restaurant, bar and dancing

HAMILTON CLUB (GRO 2591), 2 Hamilton Place. Open all the time. Membership 8 gns. Mainly bridge but some poker. Restaurant, bar

NEW CASANOVA (MAY 1463), 52 Grosvenor Street. Opens 10 pm. Membership 2 gns. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette, chemin de fer, craps. Restaurant and bar

THE NIGHTINGALE (GRO 1633), 28 Berkeley Square. Midday until end of play. Membership 5 gns. Kalooki and bridge. Licensed. Restaurant downstairs

PALM BEACH CLUB (HYD 6585), 30 Berkeley Street. 6.30 pm till dawn. Membership £1. Baccarat, blackjack, chemin de fer, dice, roulette. Restaurant and bar

SPORTING CLUB KNIGHTSBRIDGE (KNI 4252), adjacent Normandie Hotel. 2 pm-2 am or later. Membership 3 gns. Blackjack, chemin de fer, roulette, dice, baccarat. Restaurant and bar. Breakfast from 1 am

THE GRAPES, 16 Shepherd Market, W1. One of that intriguing little collection of pubs clustered in the tight-knit community area of the market. If you feel like lunching there, you must go early to avoid the crush. How they pack 'em in at The Grapes is a near-miracle, but Mayfair office people converge on it constantly, and seem to enjoy the elbow-to-elbow drinking and eating

WHITE HART, Hobart House, 3 New Fetter Lane, EC4. The first stop on the way to the station for homeward people from many firms conducting business in the warren of streets at Holborn. Comfort, cheer and constant good service. Acceptably modern, with panelled walls and polished wood flooring. Good range of snacks

DEVONSHIRE ARMS, 37 Marloes Road, W8. Always packed with the eager young, including doctors and nurses from nearby St Mary Abbott's Hospital. The forecourt can barely be seen through the crush of people savouring their drinks *al fresco*. Service good, atmosphere nicely pitched

THE CLARENCE, 148 Old Brompton Road, SW5. One big, modern, bar, with benches and tables along the walls. Excellent snack foods, and the pub is famed for its vegetable soups. Mixed bag of drinkers, from hearty businessmen to serious-minded artists and students, with their attendant collection of pretty young girls

CHESHIRE CHEESE, 5 Little Essex Street, WC2. Peaceful haven of comfort in one of those fascinating little streets that drop from the Strand to the river. Cheerful staff, with accompanying fine service. Enjoy a lunchtime "session" or look in for a couple of drinks when the working day is done

THE GRIFFIN, 9-11 Villiers Street, WC2. Acceptably modernised, with multifarious bars and an elegant restaurant downstairs. One could be tempted to say that only the lonely call here, but this thought probably stems from the number of solo American girls who look in for a drink. The staff throughout are excellent, you seldom have to wait, and, as the place is so near Charing Cross station, you have a gregarious passing parade of people to watch as you sup

THE KING'S ARMS, 190 Fulham Road, SW10. If there was a swinging door to this Finch's house, it's sure as tootin' that Cheyenne Bodie would come burstin' in. This is a lusty place, where English womanhood joins its Jaeger-shirted men for drinks, chat and occasional heated discussion on a variety of subjects, consequential or otherwise. If you can stand the pace, look in

COCKTAIL TIME

AMERICAN BAR, Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, W1. Elegant without being ornately plush, with that "top people, top money" air to it. American voices tend to predominate. There is a pronounced touch of leisure attaching to drinking here, and the bar staff are splendidly efficient and unobtrusive

HARLEQUIN BAR, Hotel Russell, Russell Square, WC1. Simplicity, style and taste are all here. It's an ideal spot for starting an evening out. Instant, impeccable service, and fascinating range of drinks to cover the varied tastes of hotel guests from all over the world

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For sale: last house in a green oasis

The last privately occupied house in Belgrave Square is now for sale. Belgrave Square is one of London's loveliest green oases, but these days the handsome 19th century houses are occupied either by embassies, or offices or split into several flats. The late Viscount Clifden used to live at 7 Belgrave Square and Knight, Frank and Rutley, the agents, expect the Grosvenor Estate lease of about 67 years to reach £125,000.

The house has 11 bedrooms, five bathrooms, full oil-fired central heating, passenger and service lifts. The 31ft. library has an ornamented ceiling.

A new block of luxury flats has just been completed. The development, Heron Place, W1, is in the heart of the West End, near Manchester Place. There are automatic lifts, independent gas-fired central heating systems, and double-glazed windows. The individual flats vary, from small apartments to large family flats with three bedrooms, two bathrooms, two living-rooms, kitchen and cloakroom.

The agents, Chesterton and Sons, consider the rents are very competitive. The larger flats let for £1,250 exclusive, and rates will probably be around £400 a year. The least expensive flats at £595 a year will have rates bills of about £200 a year.

Georgian-style

A Georgian-style house in St John's Wood will be sold at auction on 24 November. The house, 42 Springfield Road, has a hall, two elegant reception rooms, a study, a cloakroom, well-fitted bathrooms, a master bedroom suite with its own dressing-room and bathroom, six other bedrooms and two bathrooms, oil-fired central heating and a paved terrace in front of the house. The agents, Blake and Co, Mount Street, W1, expect offers in the region of £50,000.

Mr P F Seifert wants to sell his house in Sunningdale. The unusual name, "Warrawee," means a shady place in Aborigine.

The property stands in two acres, and has gardens laid out in terraces, lawns and rosebeds. The house has been completely modernised. It has a main hall, three reception rooms, sun-terrace, six bedrooms, some with dressing-rooms, four bathrooms and a staff sitting-room. Central heating is oil-fired. The asking price for Warrawee is £34,000, which includes fitted carpets and curtains as well as specially designed light fittings. The agents are Tufnell and Partners, Sunningdale, and Knight, Frank and Rutley.

doreen king

Above left: 7 Belgrave Square, SW1. Right: Part of Heron Place, corner of Thayer Street. Below left: 42 Springfield Road, St John's Wood. Right: Warrawee, the house in Sunningdale whose name means "a shady place."

SALEROOMS

THURSDAY 17 NOVEMBER

English and Continental furniture, *objets d'art*, Eastern carpets and rugs. The sale includes an early 19th century collection of stone- and wood-working tools from Hearn of Pimlico. 11.0 and 2.30. Christie's

Antique and modern furniture, old and modern pictures. 11.0. Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries

English and foreign silver and plate, which includes 10 James I gilt apostle spoons and an Elizabethan communion cup. 11.0. Coaching and sporting prints, Naval and decorative prints and views. 2.30. Sotheby's

FRIDAY 18 NOVEMBER

Pictures. Among these are a collection of Canadian snow scenes by Cornelius Krieghoff, *Portrait of the Duchess of Coningsby* in the costume of the Charlton Hunt, and mounted on a chestnut cob, by George Stubbs; *Portrait of Captain Henry Francis Mellish* by Ben Marshall; and the *Portrait of Major John Lee* by Gainsborough. 11.0. Christie's

English and Continental furniture, clocks, rugs and carpets, including Anatolian and Kashan silk rugs. 11.0. Sotheby's

MONDAY 21 NOVEMBER

Printed books. 11.0 (and following two days). A collection of knives, forks and spoons, the property of Henry Nyburg of Aldbourne. 2.30. Sotheby's

European pottery and Renaissance works of art. An early Gothic pricket gilt-bronze candlestick is the most important item in the sale. It stands 13 inches high, with the nozzle supported on the shoulder of a man mounted on a lion. French or German, c 1220. 11.0. Christie's

TUESDAY 22 NOVEMBER

Household furniture, curtains, carpets. 11.0. Bonham & Sons, Old Chelsea Galleries

Important Renaissance jewels including a 15th century Italian crucifix in gold and silver. 11.0. Christie's

Vintage port, old Madeira, old bottled sherry, cognac and cigars. 11.0 Christie's

Drawings by Old Masters, including part of the former collection of Philip V of Spain. Among the drawings are works by Raphael, Mantegna, Dürer, Corregio, Sansovino, Maes, Johan Elias Ridinger and several by Paul Rubens. 11.0. Christie's

WEDNESDAY 23 NOVEMBER

Eighteenth and 19th century paintings, including *Portrait of Mrs Griffith* by George Romney, *The Drover's Cart* by Gainsborough. *Mr Russell on his chestnut hunter* by James Seymour, and *The Cotswold Hunt* by John Frederick Herring, Snr. 11.0. English 18th and 20th century drawings. These include *The Full Moon* by Samuel Palmer and *The Tuileries Gardens* by Rowlandson. 3.0. Sotheby's

Porcelain, glass, bronzes, etc. 11.0 Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries

Important jewels. Among the items is a beautiful antique pearl and diamond necklace, decorated with sprays of flowers and bows in diamond with pendant pearls and a diamond concave triangular brooch. 11.0. Christie's

ADDRESSES AND VIEWING TIMES

Bonham & Sons, Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7 (KNI 9161), and Old Chelsea Galleries, 75-81 Burnaby Street, SW10 (FLA 0460) – one or two days before sale

Christie, Manson & Woods Ltd, King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – two or three days before sale

Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

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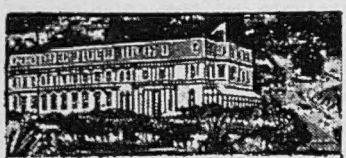

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London Letters

Impressions of London

Sitting down to write one's impressions of London is not nearly as easy as it sounds. However, impressions: that first ride into the City from Heathrow when, although you know all traffic is on the left, you are nevertheless convinced you will be involved in a fatal head-on collision. . . . the happy warmth of the pubs at noon – and the gradual discovery that beer is indeed much stronger here . . . being overwhelmed by the truly fine British theatre – and going as often as you can simply because it's so enjoyable . . . English trifle; high tea; kippers for breakfast; chocolate at the theatre; brandy and soda; the wretched pubs not opening until after six . . . standing on Waterloo Bridge waiting for Robert Taylor. **Jane Murphy (NBC), Westbury Hotel, W1.**

White rabbit

What a priceless article by your Angela Ince on lateness. I am having it duplicated and sent to all my relatives and friends, (a) to prove that I'm not the only one and (b) to ask their understanding for our incurable illness. Actually I am beginning to believe that it's not the white rabbits who are incurable, but the impatient, precise and punctual individuals who make our lives a nightmare of ulcer-producing rush.

Thank you for your excellent magazine. It has been my only contact with civilisation while we've been working in the North Atlantic. **Lt O J Hornby, HMS Hydra, BFPO (Ships).**

Church and starvation

During my recent trip round the world, I became more aware than ever of the terrible suffering caused by starvation. In contrast, the churches and other religious buildings were full to the doors with exquisite but useless *objets d'art.* In one country, I came out of a church with a solid gold pulpit, to find children starving in the streets. Whenever I question a priest on the subject of the Church's wealth, I always get the answer: "It is to the glory of God."

I may be misguided, but to me a healthy, happy child is much more to the glory of God than a Cellini chalice. Everybody has a right to reach maturity.

Now that he has bridged that gap and visited Israel, might I suggest the Pope goes even farther and visits Oxfam. **Sara Leighton, Turners Studio, Glebe Place, Chelsea.**

Where do they go?

Could someone please tell me what happens to the lights and gorgeous decorations in Oxford Street when they are not being used for festive Christmas? Thinking this over I can only imagine those jolly reindeer flung into an old warehouse, where their Christmas sparkle is dulled under a layer of warehouse dust and they become a heap of wires and neglected lights for 11 months, until suddenly Christmas is here again and magically these remnants are restored to their former brightness. **Julie Drummond, London, W8.**

According to the association responsible for erecting the illuminations, they are sent to seaside towns after Christmas, and given a new life.

Cool head needed

Having spent £2,000 on a cool engagement ring I can see why the cool couple live in a prefab in Kennington. With half a day spent with a cool psychiatrist and a cooler head he could perhaps be living next door to that couple in Paultons Square. PS. Are blue kitchen scales cool? **Brian Lamprell, East 53rd Street, New York City.**

Keepsakes

I intend to keep all the current issues of *London Life* for the grandchildren I hope to have in about 30 years' time. When these children say "Granny, were Op and Pop an old-time double-act?" and "What do fab, gear, dolly girls and Carnaby Street mean in all your magazines?" I shall try my best to explain it all to them. However, as for "The Scene" – here I am bound to let them down. Alas, I never found it. **Elaine Greenberg, Grimsby, Lincolnshire.**

Dolly

Thanks for your coverage of *the Dolly story.* There are a couple of people to whom I would like to express my thanks for their help and participation in the making of the film. Clarissa Burden, currently fashion oracle for the *Daily Mail*, gave great help with invaluable advice and contacts; and Robin Gregg originally expounded an idea for a film which led to our production. Indeed, it was as a result of his insistence that I started the whole project. **Ted Francis, St Martin's Lane, WC2.**

CHALLENGE FOR THE PROFESSIONS

★ The John Osborne/Mary Quant/Chelsea Restaurant era of the 'fifties constituted the great breakthrough to the swinging London of the 'sixties to which creative people contribute at many varying levels. Do our doctors, lawyers, teachers, architects, clergy express and serve our new needs in any comparable way to our artists? Also the endeavours of creative people are subject to constant tough journalistic criticism, whereas professional people are able to shelter behind elaborate etiquette techniques.

Doctors, in particular, are very upset about their sometimes low earnings and limited amenities. Have they taken the same courageous financial and emotional risks to right these wrongs as the swingers they both envy and despise?

When I look at our overcrowded hospitals, schools, roads and our inadequate laws – poor London, I swing for you.

Betty Radin, Princes Gate, SW7

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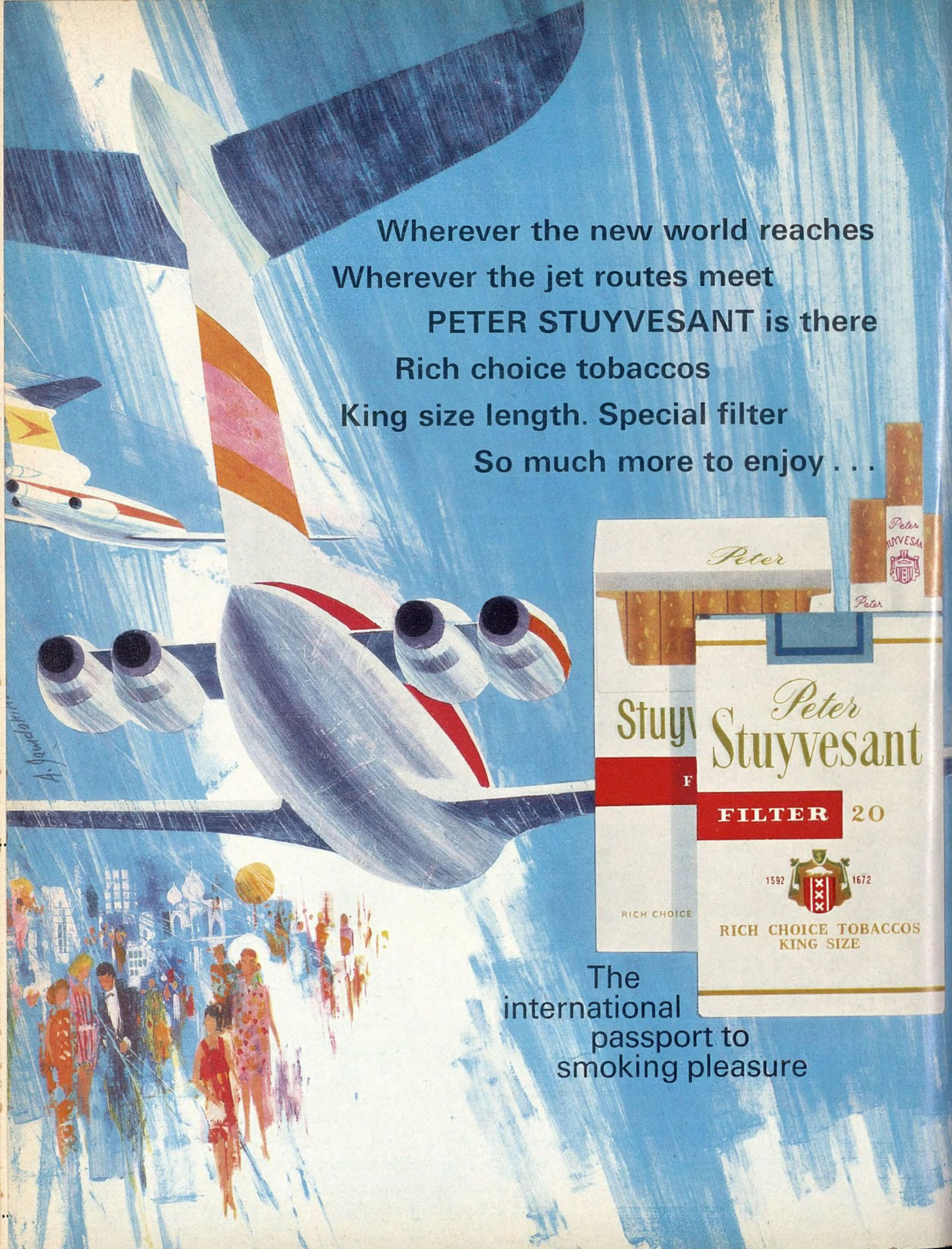
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